R. R.
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L COMPLAINTS,
rhea, Cholera Morbus, or painful
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by taking Radway's Ready Relief.
Inflammation, no weakness or las-
the use of the R. R. Relief.
R. R.
DWAY'S
DY RELIEF
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Twenty Minutes.
ONE HOUR.
this Advertisement need any
ne Suffer with Pain?
ADWAY'S
DY RELIEF
IS A
FOR EVERY PAIN,
as the FIRST and is the
LY PAIN REMEDY
stops the most excruciating pain,
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stomach, bowels, or other glands or
application.
One to Twenty Minutes,
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ORD INSTANT EASE,
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Congestion of the Lungs,
Difficult Breathing.
Palpitation of the Heart,
ramp, Hysteria,
Catarrh, Influenza,
Toothache,
Neuralgia, Rheumatism,
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Chilblains, Frost Bites,
Sleeplessness.
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VARIOUS FORMS
R AND AGUE.
AGUE cured for fifty cents. There
al agent in this world that will cure
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RADWAY'S PILLS so quickly as RADWAY'S
E.
CENTS PER BOTTLE
OLD BY DRUGGISTS.
RADWAY'S
SAPARILLIAN
SOLVENT.
akes sound flesh, strong bone, and
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RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN
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AYS:
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Diseases, Caries of the Bone, Humors
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Constitutional Remedy.
Tumors, Ulcers and sores of all
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certainties in a course of Dr. RAD-
PARILLIAN. We mean obstinate
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Scrofulous Inflammation, this great
medy will exterminate rapidly and
Take more of the active principles of
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Per Bottle. Sold By Druggists.
RADWAY'S
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less, elegantly coated; purge, regu-
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Pills are a sure and safe cure
for the cure of all disorders of the
Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous
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digestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness,
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the Internal Viscera. Purely vege-
no mercury, minerals, or deleterious
per box. Sold by all druggists.
SPEPSIA!
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Pills are a cure for this complaint.
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w what we say in "False and True."
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False and True,"
stamp to Dr. RADWAY & CO., No.
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ou worth thousands will be sent to
THE PUBLIC.
nd ask for Radway's, and see that the
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Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

THE PEACH ORCHARD.

The peach crop of Massachusetts this year is so small that the peach growers will have no anxiety about the destruction of the fruit by insects, but they will still have the usual anxiety in regard to the condition of the trees. A peach tree, especially when young, needs close watching during the entire growing season; it being naturally a rapid grower, there are shoots continually starting out where they are not wanted, and where it would be injurious to the tree to let them grow. The tendency of the peach tree is to run up too high and spread its long branches with but a limited quantity of leaves, except at the extremeends; for this reason it is best to cut the twigs back every year early in the spring, thus causing the tree to grow more compact. The summer pruning should be confined to the cutting off of such shoots as start to grow where not wanted to keep the tree in proper form.

There are a few who persist in cutting the twigs of peach trees back in the summer when they are growing the most vigorous. This so far as our observation extends has never proved a success; the trouble seems to be that by cutting a twig back when growing vigorously, instead of ripening the buds as it is claimed it does, it forces many of them to grow, and the new set of buds come out so late that they have no time to mature before the cold weather sets in, so the result is that they are killed by the first very cold weather. Trees that are thus cut back are made more vigorous late in the autumn, so the trees are full of sap, which will become so active, should a week of warm weather come in the late autumn or early winter months, that the buds will swell to a size that will burst the outer covering, which is sure destruction when even moderately cold weather comes; the same result follows when trees have been made very vigorous by high manuring.

While the peach tree should receive manure enough to keep it in fair condition, it should not be forced into an unnatural growth, the tree being a native of a warmer climate than ours, the moment it is forced to make an unnatural growth, there is danger of having the blossom buds killed in the winter, and in fact there is danger that the tree itself will die.

The peach tree should be set on rather light soil, and then if only moderately manured it will make only such growth of wood as will ripen up and withstand the coldest weather it is not, as many believe, the degree of cold that destroys the blossom buds, but rather the condition of the bud and the tree. When the buds are well ripened, and the tree is not forced it requires a very extreme cold night to destroy them, more than 20 degrees below zero. This is no guess work but is what is known by past experience We have more to fear from improper care o trees, and a few warm weeks in the late autumn, than from an extreme cold winter.

HOUGHTON'S SEEDLING GOOSEBERRY.

Among the very few good gooseberries which do not mildew may be named Houghton's Seedling. Although the berry is not as large as many others yet what it lacks in size is more than made up in numbers, for it is a prodigious bearer, and the berry when fully grown is large enough to gather quite rapidly, and it can be prepared for cooking with very little trouble. In quality it surpasses many of the large varieties. It has a very thin smooth skin which is a great improvement over the thick coarse skin of many of the large varieties, and when ripe it is sweet and delicious, the inside as readily slipping from the skin as does the grape. For cooking, it surpasses nearly all others, whether used in the green state or when fully ripe. The full grown berry will measure about three fourths of an inch in diameter.

To grow this fruit to full perfection, requires a good rich soil and thorough cultivation; no weeds or grass should be permitted to grow among the bushes; it is therefore important to start a plantation on a soil where the grass and weed seeds have been thoroughly conquered; on such land it will be very easy to keep the weeds out, provided the land is frequently cultivated, and all of the weeds and grass picked out from under the bushes, always remembering that cultivation must be kept up the entire season, or during the autumn months the grass will creep in in such quantities as to make it very laborious, as well as difficult to clean them out the next spring.

This plant is an especial favorite of the currant worm; the fly will always prefer to lay her eggs on them rather than on the currant bush; therefore if the bushes are to be saved they must not be neglected. When this worm puts in an appearance, which will be the tenth of May, the little worms will be found in the centre of the bush near the ground, by opening the bushes and dusting on a small quantity of hellebore the worms will be destroyed; in twenty or twenty five days another crop will appear; these will be scattered more over the bushes, but are very easily destroyed. Sometimes a third crop of worms will appear, but not often if the first and second crop be thoroughly destroyed.

When the fruit is nearly ripe the ground should be well mulched to keep the sun from burning the fruit before it ripens. The one great drawback of this variety is, the bushes will not run up, but grow very low and will run on the ground unless kept up by some support; a rail placed in each side of a row of bushes will serve to keep the fruit from the ground and will also keep the bushes up so that the weeds and grass can be more readily pulled out.

THE POTATO CROP.

The present outlook is very favorable for a large crop of potatoes. The season thus far has been better adapted to the growth of the potato than for corn; should we continue to have frequent showers until the middle of July, Massachusetts will produce as many potatoes this year as in the year 1883; but a wet May and June is sometimes followed by a dry July and August; if such should be the case this year it will very materially reduce the crop of potatoes. So far as our knowledge extends the acreage planted is quite as large as two years ago, which was much above an average.

We do not remember to have ever seen potatoes grow so fast as they have since the first of June, the color indicates not only a rapid growth but a very healthy condition. Thus far they have escaped the little black bug which often injures the leaves before the beetle has done any injury. Even the potato beetle comes in very small numbers. It seems evident enough that the winter was not favorable to the preservation of insect life, for nearly every class of insects have appeared in much less numbers than usual.

The practice of planting potatoes so as to get them as early as possible has become almost universal, and as many plant to supply the early market, each one makes a special effort to force his crop forward so as to be the first in the market, and thus secure a high price; the race is so even that the market is soon broken down, and prices very early in the season become quite as low as in the late autumn. Unless one has a very warm locality, with a soil well drained, and yet of just of the right character to force a rapid growth in the spring, it will not pay to be at much extra expense to force the crop out of the usual season to try to get the start of others with more favorable locations.

As a rule it is best to select rather a cold moist piece of land for potatoes, and plant as early as the land is in good condition, then let the crop stand until fully grown before harvesting; the larger yield will more than make up for the difference in price; but if one has just the right locality, so that by a little extra exertion he can come in a few days in advance of others, it will pay well to make the effort.

Massachusetts farmers ought to raise all of the potatoes needed for home consumption. We have plenty of land well adapted to its growth, and plenty of laborers who would be glad of the work. In that way we might keep much money at home which we now send abroad to buy potatoes, and at the same time furnish employment for many mechanics who are out of work.

NARROW LEAF DOCK.

(*Curled Rumex.*)

This is an undesirable weed that finds its way into many mowing fields, and thus scatters its seed wherever the manure of the barn is spread. When this plant once gets a good foothold on a farm, it is no easy matter to get rid of it. The land may be ploughed and cultivated two or even three years, and then somehow when it is again laid down to grass, dock roots will be almost the first thing to appear; the seeds lay in the ground waiting a favorable opportunity, are brought from some other portion of the farm, or quite likely may be sown with the grass seed, and introduced in this way, as are many other undesirable plants. How to get good grass seed free from sorrel, dock, wild carrot and a host of other weed seeds is one of the important questions of the day. The time seems to be approaching when every farmer who expects to keep his farm free from undesirable plants will have to grow his own grass seed; even then he will have to fight at least a seven year's battle to get rid of weeds already introduced on his farm; but the moment he is able to stop the introduction of any more, it is only a question of time, with clean culture, when he will be able to conquer. When the farmer is determined to get rid of the unsightly dock in his mowing fields he must make up his mind to get rid of it at the same time all over his farm, for it is useless to try to get rid of it in one field while it is perfecting its seeds on all other parts of the farm. To do this requires time and patience, but as the dock is a plant that runs up quite high before it seeds, it is readily seen even at a distance, especially if it is permitted to stand until it is in full blossom; at this stage of its growth its stalk is strong enough to pull the whole plant up, including the entire root. This is rather hard work, but a good strong man will pull up a large number in a day. As this is the end of them, we are inclined to think it is the best way to get rid of this plant.

When it is decided to do this there should be no half way about it, but the whole farm should be cleared, or the labor will be lost; to simply pull the plants from a single field and leave the rest of the farm untouched would be of very little use, for the seed would blow from the other fields so that in two years the plants would be just as plenty as before any of them were pulled up.

Farmers should always be on the watch for undesirable weeds that so often find their way into the mowing fields; if taken when they first appear it is not so difficult to conquer them, but if neglected until they have ripened their seed it is much more difficult to root them out. If farmers when they sow down a field to grass would pull out all of the undesirable plants before they have time to perfect their seed, it would save much labor in after years in keeping their farm in good condition.

☞ The Drover's Journal says: "It is maintained by many competent authorities that peas are a more profitable feed for stock than corn."

☞ The Rural Canadian says: On sandy soil, ashes are beneficial to all crops and can be applied in any quantity. On heavy soils there is commonly an abundance of inert potash though in old orchards even this is largely exhausted. No mistake can be made in applying ashes to fruit trees.

— Cultivators should be drawn by two horses as it is pretty hard work for one horse.

— An Indiana grower of raspberries trims his bushes to two or three long stalks per hill each spring, and cuts back to two feet from the ground. His ground has never been hard since it is well mulched and all sprouts picked from the vines as fast as they come up are added to the mulch, thus keeping the soil moist and free from weeds as well as sheltered from the sun.

THE OLD WEBSTER FARM
At Marshfield, Mass.

Great men stamp their influence and reputation upon the localities in which they dwell, quite as distinctly as the environment commonly contains all that is to be said or deserves to be known about the ordinary citizen. Marshfield, a plain and wide-stretching farming town on the Massachusetts coast, will always suggests when named the figure and the fame of Daniel Webster. The two are henceforth inseparable. It is indeed rarely that so complete and harmonious an union of natural features and personal characteristics is to be met with. Webster was wont to say that he knew of but two truly sublime and mysterious things—the ocean and the starry heavens. Both of these he could freely enjoy at his well-known Marshfield home, while in point of stretch of landscape his instructive longing for the sight of extending fields, shaggy woods, and smiling waters was at all times fully gratified.

We recently accepted a cordial invitation to visit the town of Marshfield, which is beautifully situated on the seashore, in the northeastern part of Plymouth County, about 30 miles from Boston, and is easily reached by the Old Colony Railroad. Marshfield was incorporated in March 1640 and derived its name from its extensive salt marshes. At the time of our visit, the weather and other conditions were highly propitious. We were met, on our arrival, by Mr. G. J. Peterson and Chas. Porter Wright, both of whom are farmers, and spent their boyhood days amid the scenes and incidents of the great statesman's farm life, and from whom we were enabled to glean many interesting facts and reminiscences. Other gentlemen had been invited to join the party as follows; Geo. Martin Baker, President of the Marshfield Agricultural Society, Dr. Stephen Henry, Nathaniel H. Whiting, Israel Hatch, Chairman of the town selectmen, and Edmund Hersey of Hingham. We immediately visited the diked meadows, and soon after proceeded to make the coveted survey of the famous Webster Place and Farm. When he first came to Marshfield to shoot and fish, which was in 1827, Mr. Webster was forty-five years old, and he at once became enamored of the tranquil scenery and felt that he had found the one place on earth for which he had always been looking.

Five years later, he purchased the homestead of the once noted royalist Thomas, and at once proceeded to enlarge the grounds, enrich the soil, plant out trees, and to change the sandy and sterile features of the place to a scene of fertility and beauty. He added to the old house, created a spacious and attractive lawn in front, set out a belt of ornamental trees of great variety, and put his personal impress on everything around him. The farm he gradually accumulated by several purchases, until at length it comprised 1,700 acres, of which Mr. Porter Wright, now 70 years of age, and who kindly showed us over it all as if it were still under a single ownership, was the trusted foreman for the last 15 years of Mr. Webster's life. In the last season of that life, in 1852, he gathered from the Webster Farm 500 bushels of corn for a harvest. There were 11 acres of apple orchard, the fruit all Baldwins, containing 500 trees, which Mr. Joseph Breck, senior, sold to Mr. Webster. This large farm has been distributed again among a number of owners. Mr. Walton Hall, of Boston, is now the owner of 200 acres of the central portion, with the buildings.

Black Mount is the name given to ten acres in the rear of the house, from which a widely extending view is enjoyed, chiefly an ocean view stretching almost to Provincetown on the very end of Cape Cod. There were ten acres planted to the yellow turnip, which was fed to the stock when Mr. Webster owned it. One hundred acres altogether were usually under the plough every year. Two hundred acres were woodland. Mr. Webster learned the advantages of turnip culture from his visit to England, where he saw how close was the dependence of mutton on this root as a fattener. He gave a new impulse to farming in the entire neighborhood by his discovery of the virtues of kelp, or sea weed. But he obtained the most enduring results in his farming operations from the use of ashes, although he was likewise a free experimenter with fish and bone meal. Generally he gave occupation to from 20 to 30 men, and his letters to Mr. Wright showed his kindly regard for them as well as a constant solicitude that all his farm bills should be promptly paid.

The farm carried an average of 50 head of cattle for the last ten or fifteen years of its distinguished owner's life. He kept no fast horses, his fondness being shown for a good family horse only. But he did love oxen and was in the habit of picking his favorites. He used to say sometimes that he could not guess men's weight; "but I can lay oxen." The Jersey, Devon, and Ayrshire cow satisfied his ideal of milk, cream, and butter making stock. He was extremely fond of trees, a healthy partiality whose traces are to be met with on every side. He planted out rows of white pines, poplars, and elms; lindens and elms line either side of the noble avenue by which the house is approached. We have specimens of Mr. Webster's letters to Mr. Wright before us now, in his own hand. In one of them, dated March 7th, 1851, he says to his foreman—"You may sell heifers or steers, oxen or cows, pigs or poultry, or anything else for their fair value in money." This letter remitted a draft for $300, which he directed Mr. Wright how to expend, the taxes amounting to $154, $100 for the horse and for the rest anything that is most pressing. And he added that he could remit no more till the middle of July. "If you have absolute want of anything further," he concludes, "you must sell some of the stock and get it."

Another letter to Mr. Wright, dated March 10th, 1852, says,—"When you have disposed of the beef, you will of course let me know the result. There are some small things, which probably you have not forgotten. The vault of the necessary, and the manure pit near the pig pen, should both be cleared before warm weather comes. You say nothing yet of calves and lambs. Probably you have some calves. How does your hay hold out, and how your corn? What chance is there for more kelp? What do you propose to do with the Island this year? Has any kelp been found there?" In a postscript he adds—"I shall be glad to hear from you about Farming business. I shall give an order to Mr. Breck to furnish you with whatever plaster, or bone dust, or grain which you may need. I should not wish any ground planted that is not put into proper condition by manure." His parting words to Mr. Wright, when he was about leaving home, usually were—"Break up the whole. Don't want patches of land planted. If you want more money let me know."

THE DIKED MEADOWS.

The soil of Marshfield is of a mixed quality, portions of it being decidedly sandy. We were invited to inspect the well-known tract of 1400 acres of marsh land bordering on the Webster estate, from which the salt water had been successfully shut out, by diking, some twelve years ago, and were accordingly shown both the cultivated and the uncultivated portions. The crops appeared to be heavy where the drained marsh had been subjected to the plough and thoroughly cultivated, though fertilizers had not been applied; and even on the fields which had been improved only by the sowing of grass seed and harrowing it in, a very good crop of grass showed, we should judge fully one and a half tons to the acre where the seed came up well; but owing to the spongy nature of the soil there were many bare spots, proving a lack of seed germination. Two hundred acres, it is estimated, have been sown to grass, a large portion of which will yield good crops this year. The part which remains unimproved produces but little of any value. There are 1400 acres of this reclaimed marsh in all, seeming to await nothing but the application of intelligence and labor to make it one of the most productive tracts in the whole State. We could not resist the reflection that if some of those active and intelligent farmers who are continually leaving this section to till the lands of the West would have the sagacity to settle near this tract of land, depriving themselves of half the comforts and working half as hard here as they are obliged to work in a new country, they would make it yield them abundant crops and increase their bank account much faster than by means of their present experiment.

The Apiary.

HANDLING BEES.

Every one should have hives with movable frames so that they can examine the condition of any part of the hive at pleasure. With movable frame hives and a little care, one can control swarming altogether and can produce new colonies by dividing. Take part of the frames with bees and queens and put into another hive and be sure and leave a frame that has eggs or very small larvæ and the bees remaining without a queen will build queen cells over some of the eggs or larvæ and in sixteen days from the time the eggs were laid they will have a queen. After the queen cells are capped over if a number of them are started you can cut out a piece of comb having the queen cell on and graft it in a frame of comb for another nucleus or small colony and they in time will be a colony. With movable frame hives a patent smoker and an instruction book almost any one can handle bees.—[A. G. S. in Western Rural.

POLLEN.

The reason why pollen produces dysentery is obvious. It is highly concentrated, nitrogenous food, well adapted to the formation of tissue, and hence is just the food for larval bees which develop very rapidly. Honey is largely composed of carbon, and hence is a heat producing food suitable for keeping up the warmth in a hive during cold winter months. If adult bees eat the nitrogenous pollen, it is not digested, clogs the intestines and produces the fatal disease. The best winter food is pure cane sugar. To give this put five empty combs in place of brood combs, store these latter away for another season, and put on the feeder filled with sugar syrup to fill out the empty combs. I make this syrup by slowly stirring 10 pounds of best granulated sugar into 6 pounds of boiling water, and adding a piece of tartaric acid a little smaller than a hickory nut, to prevent the crystallization of the syrup in the combs.—[Heddon in the Bee Keepers' Magazine.

CREAM TESTING.

Since the introduction of cream testing, we find creamery patrons are not willing to sell cream by measure, with here and there an exception. We occasionally hear an intimation that, as the testing is done by the creamerymen, it gives them an opportunity to take advantage of the patrons. Now such is not the case. Every patron can test his cream at home, and many do so every week. We do not hear much of it since we have been working on the test plan, but while purchasing cream by the inch we used to hear, week after week, of the farmers' tests over-running the inch measure. Now, those who used to over-run get the benefit of the over-run, and are satisfied, and those who now complain are those who have a low per cent. and they frequently labor under an error, and are really getting pay for a pound of butter to an inch of cream, although the per cent. is much less than a hundred. When the cream is measured for the test it includes all the milk taken off with the cream, and, as milk will not make butter, an inch of the mixture will not make a pound of butter, and the more milk the lower will be the per cent. Children and others who are not careful often do the skimming, and even the careful wife may, in a hurry, or may not care for a small amount of skim milk. We believe that a large majority of creamerymen will give their patrons all that their cream will make by the test.—[Dairy Farmer.

THE ASPARAGUS BEETLE.

A Long Island, N. Y., gardener says of this pest of one of our garden luxuries; "The asparagus beetle, which usually comes from its winter quarters about the time the first shoots of the plants appear, is not readily destroyed by insecticides, as it will not answer to apply poisons at this time, or any offensive substance; but as the beetles do little injury now, all attempts to destroy them may be deferred a few weeks, or until the cutting season is over, at which time the beetles will have laid their eggs on the stems, whence will presently come the little black, slug-like larvæ. These have a soft, rather sticky skin, to which almost any dry dust like application will readily adhere. Dry caustic lime is a cheap and efficient poison for this pest, and a few applications during the summer will clean an asparagus plantation of the pest. We have used lime on our asparagus bed to destroy these grubs for more than twenty years, and never knew it to fail to destroy them. Lime will also destroy the rose and cherry tree slug—in fact, all kinds of slug-like larvæ which have a sticky skin."—[Orange County Farmer.

— The three requisites of dairying are: a dairy farm, a dairy man and a dairy herd.

— A dairy man in New York says the same quantity of milk that makes a pound of pork will make a pound of butter.

— Lucerne or alfalfa is a clover and possesses good nutritive value. It has deep roots, requires dry soil, and is proof against drought.

— It is not profitable to feed good grain or fodder to poor stock.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

— Lemons are becoming a profitable crop in California.

— The wool clip of last year averaged thirty-five cents a pound.

— Tobacco stems are a good insecticide for striped beetles.

— The profit from any produce depends largely upon the manner in which it is sold. A poor article will sell better if put up in an attractive form.

— Probably the best variety of celery is the white plume which is crisp, sweet and tender and does not need the laborious banking up the other sorts require.

— Damp hay, half cured, will mould and the old idea of salt being a preservation is absurd.

— With the present low prices of corn eastern feeders can afford to improve their feeding rations by the addition of some grain, and will thus secure manure of increased value for their arable land.

— Florida is a good State for poultry raising.

— The New England hay crop will be small this season.

— Connecticut crops are good this year.

— Iowa has over one thousand women farmers, market gardeners and dairy managers. A good State for women to go to—almost equal to the married state.

— A first class manure for grass lands is phosphates of any kind.

— The stock and dairy farmer has more chances of success than the grain farmer.

— Many agriculturists have no conception of the profit there is in fruits and garden vegetables.

— Dark soils are richer as a rule than light ones; as ground gets poorer, it gets lighter in color.

— Johnson grass grows too large and coarse to make good hay, and when well rooted it defies the plough to eradicate it.

— Glanders are reported very prevalent in certain portions of New York State.

— The strawberry weevil on Staten Island is said to be a new pest.

— No fertilizer is better for peas than one to two bushels of plaster per acre.

— Level culture for potatoes is growing in favor everywhere.

— The poultry house should be kept clean and when whitewashing it, put a little carbolic acid in the whitewash.

— Charred grain is good for poultry.

— Corn meal is more fatteniug and better than cotton seed meal.

— The grape contains from thirteen to twenty per cent of sugar.

— The Shaffer raspberry is proving itself to be a very hardy variety.

— The quality of Canadian cheese now ranks at the head of all imported into England.

— The average yield of hay for the United States falls a little below one ton per acre.

— Cattle that are kept in the barn warm nights should be supplied with plenty of fresh air.

— Iowa ranks the highest of all the States in the number of cattle to the square mile.

— Potash is excellent for grape vines, especially on light soils.

— More than two thousand bulls have been sold in Colorado this spring.

— Those who make the most profit from stock believe in maturing them early.

— A pear tree should not be allowed to bear any fruit till it has been five years in place.

— It really looks as if there would be a short wheat crop all over the world this season.

— A large New York oleomargarine company failed some time since and still prices of butter did not go up. The best weapon to fight oleomargarine is high class butter.

— An expensive item in farming in the far west is the cost of irrigation.

— Cultivating the same land year after year and attempting to check the gradually increasing sterility of the soil with commercial fertilizers alone is not to be commended. A green crop should be ploughed under from time to time, of which the value will at once be evident.

— Why do we salt butter? To keep it? This cannot be as the amount of salt required to preserve butter would render it uneatable. To season it? Perhaps. Think the matter over.

— It is said that during the last thirty years the garden peas introduced have not gained for us a day in point of earliness.

— Hen manure is very valuable.

— Jersey cattle though small make good and tender beef.

— There is a great advantage in deep soil for growing vegetables and fruits.

— The Arabs consider fat and rest inimical to horses.

— The average Kansas farm will not pay two per cent as a low valuation.

— Light crops are sometimes as profitable to the farmers as heavy ones, owing to the increase in price.

— A farmer in Florida has one hundred and sixty five acres in watermelons.

— Experienced shepherds claim that not over fifty sheep should be herded together.

— Strong soapsuds with a spoonful of carbolic acid to each bucket of suds is an excellent remedy for currant worms.

— The carbon or charcoal derived from the decay of plants is of the highest utility to vegetation, as an absorbent of water and fertilizing matter, and it also absorbs heat from the air.

— It is advised that duck eggs be placed under hens who make better mothers and take better care of the ducklings than ducks do.

— For early cabbages concentrated forms of manure are specially valuable.

— The small white onions used by those who manufacture pickles are grown specially for that purpose. The same seed is used as for large onions, but it is sown very thickly, about forty pounds or more to the acre, while to produce the large ones but five or six pounds are required. A rich, black mould is the best for them.

— When planting pot plants in the open ground and the ball of earth is matted with roots, the ball should always be broken by slightly bruising it between the hands to lessen the resistance.

— Healthy, vigorous growing plants can hardly be watered too much at this season, provided the pots or ground be well drained. Such plants take up and evaporate water with great rapidity.

— Amaryllis do not need to be repotted often, as it checks them and they start slowly after it.

— In setting out cabbage or tomato plants, it pays well, even in field culture, to wrap a piece of paper about the stems. This saves them from the cut worm.

— The Wool Journal advises against washing the sheep. The designation of washed wool has ceased to have any charm and the sooner the practice of washing the sheep is abandoned the better.

— To make a gentle milker, a calf should be trained from the time it is two months old and handled frequently and petted.

— Put a mulching around the roots of small fruit bushes this month.

— Watercress will grow in any running water and is an addition to the farmers' table.

— Hard labor on the farm is the most expensive of all, even in the South. Use agricultural machines as much as possible. The horse cultivator is cheaper than the hoe.

— A flock of sheep does much toward keeping the farm free from noxious weeds, and toward making the land richer.

— A young horse that is never shod is not so likely to have his hoofs destroyed as one that is shod by an incompetent blacksmith. In Lower Canada the farmers' horses are but rarely shod on the hind feet at all. It is usually considered sufficient to shoe them on the fore feet and this only in the case of horses in use to draw loads to the cities.

— Pine apples come from the Bahamas.

—Rotation—more grass, more stock; more stock, more manure; more manure, more grass.

Horticulture.

"GARDEN FLOWERS."

BY T. L. NELSON.

[From an Address before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society.]

A garden must be almost destitute of flowers through the spring months, unless it contains bulbs, such as crocuses, scillas, hyacinths, crown imperials, tulips, narcissus and others. But as these should have been planted in the autumn, the essayist passed over them and took up the subject of summer flowers, speaking particularly of those which she had grown in her own garden.

The gladiolus, not many years ago, was confined to a very small number of varieties, and now their name is legion. Not only is there increase in number, but also in quality. A new variety must not only be distinct, but superior, or the growers discard it. We must have them in our gardens, and any one who will may grow them. One can hardly go astray in selecting varieties, with the descriptive catalogues sent out by reliable dealers; but it would be better still to select from exhibition flowers. Many new varieties do not satisfy our expectations, and there are so many comparatively new ones which are really fine and reasonably cheap, that it does not pay to invest much by way of experiment. On the other hand, some fine varieties never are cheap, because they propagate slowly, either by increase of bulbs or bulblets. The Eugene Scribe increases rapidly and never produces a poor spike, and is cheap and accessible to all. Longfellow is a very fine variety. The seedlings originated in this country are as fine, in proportion to the number grown, as those raised in France and England. Many excellent seedlings have been raised by the members of this society and shown at its exhibition, and others by growers in Long Island and at Rochester, N. Y. The essayist had purchased bulbs both from home and abroad, and found she could not get as satisfactory results the first year from imported bulbs as from home-grown, but after that time there is little difference. Gladioli will grow in almost any soil, except it is wet and heavy, under which conditions they will not thrive nor produce fine flowers. A sunny location, with light, loamy soil, some sand and well enriched, with plenty of water in dry times, suits them well. The bulbs must not be planted too near the surface; three or four inches deep, according to the size of the bulbs, is about right. It should be remembered that the new bulbs or corms are made above the old one.

Careful hybridization has brought about and is bringing about a great many changes, and in no flower is there greater change than in the dahlia. Seed of this was carried from Mexico to Spain the latter part of the seventeenth century. This seed produced three distinct varieties—one semi-double and the other two single. The genus was named dahlia after a Swedish botanist, Dahl. They were distributed throughout Europe, and were the only varieties grown for some years. After a time some one experimented with seed, and finally succeeded in producing double flowers, when the single were discarded. Later it was introduced into this country, and forty or fifty years ago was *the* favorite of florists. Then it went out of fashion, for there is fashion in flowers as well as in everything else. Within a few years it has again come into notice. We have it in a great variety of colors, double and single, large and small. The single are best for cut flowers. Either single or double flowers abundantly the first year from seed, provided the seed is sown early in the spring and the plants are put out as soon as possible—that is, as soon as there is no danger of frosts. After the first year there is no difficulty in propagatiug by tubers.

Helianthus multiflorus fl. pl., the Perennial Sunflower, is not so extensively cultivated as it should be. Quite old people know it better than younger ones, for it had been lost to cultivation until found, probably, in some old garden. But it is difficult to see how any one could let it go who had once had it in his garden. It is herbaceous and perfectly hardy, beginning to bloom in midsummer and continuing until severe frosts. It is a beautiful plant, growing from four to six feet in height, and producing abundantly perfectly double, pure yellow flowers, about three and a half inches in diameter, and is the most showy of all flowers, either for cutting or for garden decoration.

Pæonia tenuifolia, with its delicately cut foliage, and double flowers of the color and size of a Jacqueminot rose, blooms early in summer.

The new *Amaryllis Hallii* is hardy and very beautiful; it makes its foliage early in spring, and after maturing it dies down. Late in the summer the flower stalks spring up almost like magic, so rapid is their growth, and produce a number of pink blossoms, unlike any other amaryl,s or lily. It is a great acquisition to the list of hardy bulbs.

Euphorbia corollata is an exceedingly valuable plant. The flowers are white, in panicles, quite small, and keep a long time after being cut, making it very useful for cut flowers. It is an herbaceous plant.

The Oriental poppy is a very showy flower, and deserves a place in the garden. It is a perennial, but is easily grown from seed, and flowers the second year. Most people like it because it makes so much show when in bloom, and after that it requires no care. It is very hardy.

The hardy pentstemons are very useful and well worth cultivating. They are very easily grown.

The clematis is considered hardy, but many complain that a blight has fallen on some of their plants. Many times they flourish in the same location for years. The essayist has a number of varieties which get no special care beyond a little mulching in autumn. They have been out a number of years, always come up very strong in the spring, and flower profusely through the season. *Clematis Flammula* is one of the finest climbers. It seems more like a jasmine than a clematis, and has been cultivated under the name of *C. jasminoides*. The foliage is small and bright, unlike any other species. The flowers are pure white, very delicate, covering the whole plant, and very like the jasmine in fragrance. *C. Viticella* is very hardy, and the white variety has survived two winters in the garden of the essayist. There is no difficulty in growing *C. Jackmanni* and some other old varieties, but some of the newer sorts have come up and suddenly withered and died. Some dealers say there is a disease among them, and they dare not recommend them as they used to do.

There is a great range in bedding plants; some are desirable for cut flowers, some are only valuable for garden decoration, and some answer both purposes. Among the last-named are the semidouble geraniums, and they are so beautiful and useful that we might discard the single ones altogether and gain by it. Tuberous-rooted begonias ought to be grown in every garden. They are more highly prized by the essayist than any other bedding plant, for with her they are truly bedders. They stand the rain better than any other bedding plant, from the fact that the blossoms have thick, waxy petals, and as they close when it rains, the water slips off the outside of the flowers, and as soon as the rain is over, the blossoms open as bright as if there had been no rain, and seem to look with surprise on their bedraggled neighbors. Last summer the essayist bedded out about fifty varieties, amongst which was Piercei, which she had never before seen outside of a greenhouse, and she never saw such fine plants of that variety. They were literally covered with the lovely blossoms, which stood well above the handsome foliage. It is difficult to see why this class of begonias is not more generally grown except that they are rather new. Mrs. Nelson protected hers with newspapers and cloth until the last week in October, and then lifted them and placed the roots in boxes to ripen off. The tubers may be kept in sand during the winter, but should be examined once in a while to see that they do not get so dry as to wither, or so wet from any cause as to decay. In the spring they may be planted quite close together in a box of earth, where they will start without any heat. They will stand a great deal of cold. Some which were planted out a few days before the hard frosts the latter part of last May, were protected by flower pots from the sun in the hottest part of the day, and at night from any change that might occur, and on these some carpeting was put and the plants were not affected in the least by the cold. A desirable characteristic is that they begin to bloom when quite small and flower without intermission through the season.

In 1883 the essayist was troubled as never before with aphides on her lilies, which in many instances destroyed the plants. Last season she mulched one bed of lilies about three inches deep with tobacco stems that had been steeped to syringe rose bushes. The stems were thrown wet about the lily stalks and allowed to remain there through the season, and although the plants were perfectly covered with the aphides the previous season none came last year. The others were as bad as they could be, so that it is doubtful whether they come up next spring, though they were brushed and syringed with tobacco water and cold water.

It is time now to think of sowing seed. Annuals must be sown soon in order to have them bloom early, for the time between sowing and harvest is short. Biennials, if sown early, will many of them bloom the first year, and those that do not will by being started early make stronger plants and better able to withstand the winter.

Mrs. Nelson spoke also of the rose, the lily

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885.

☞ Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.

BANGOR AND THE FAIR.

With the advent of midsummer, the time for the annual exhibition of New England agriculture draws near, concentrating the attention of the farmers of this entire section upon the event which has become a regular landmark in their lives. It is not to be gainsayed that the recurrence of the New England Fair awakens a class of feelings throughout the agricultural community that form a sort of inspiration for the year to come. The Society has not yet had too prolonged an existence to have turned over its experience and its administration from its founders and original friends to a new generation, while its vigorous life of more than a score of years is long enough to give authority to its name and excite the profoundest sentiments of affection and respect. This year, on the threshold of the harvest season, it renews its health as an organization by a visit to the farthest eastern State in New England, to lend its cooperation to the Eastern Maine State Fair Association.

It is wholly unnecessary to speak of Bangor to the farmers of New England for the purpose of interesting them in the locality selected for holding the next Fair. It has long been known as an eastern city of great importance and growing wealth, for a time the greatest lumber mart in the world, now connected directly by railroad and steamboat lines with the rest of New England and the maritime provinces, and the centre of an agricultural region of large productiveness and prosperity. Its individual attractions as a city are numerous and impressive, additionally inviting visitors who are fond of viewing picturesque scenery, concentrated enterprise, varied industry, and their legitimate fruits in a contented and prosperous people. The agricultural spirit is strongly attracted to the other industrial interests of the locality, and collectively they form an influence that is clothed with positive power. This was readily to be seen in the energetic manner in which the Eastern Maine State Fair Association organized its purposes and proceeded to the performance of its proposed work.

The President of the Association who has this week paid a visit to the headquarters of the New England Agricultural Society, brought with him every desired evidence of the freshly awakened feeling with which the projected Fair in September is contemplated by the farmers of that entire section. We are only too glad to recognize it in the full promise of a success such as an exhibition of this character richly deserves. We are bound to believe that the devoted and enterprising agriculturists of Maine realize in all senses the responsibility they have locally assumed, and are unitedly determined to show to the rest of New England what can be accomplished by intelligent enterprise, persistent industry, and a knowledge of the largest and latest agricultural methods. They propose to take not only an active but a leading part in this exhibition. They are ready to vindicate soil and climate against both criticism and suspicion. In all that they have so far achieved they invite their brethren and all other visitors from the New England States to come and compare results and acknowledge that triumphs are but the product of the same forces everywhere.

Connecticut and Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts are not only cordially invited but urgently solicited to be present in full force, agriculturally speaking, at the September exhibition in Bangor. It is ardently hoped that a multitude will be there which cannot easily be numbered,—there from curiosity, from sympathy, from motives of competition, from a profound and abiding love of the agricultural vocation. Six weeks are not many in which farmers may plan and complete adequate preparations for the event. The interval is crowded with work on the farms, yet a large share of that very work can be made to contribute to the end proposed, if it be but steadily kept in view. The journey from the most distant quarters of New England is an easy, short, and cheap one, while intended contributions may be forwarded with complete assurance of safety and on terms to which exhibitors will be only too ready to accede. While the farmers of Maine manifest so liberal and determined a spirit in the matter, we appeal to the great body of farmers of all the other New England States to unite in overwhelming them with such a demonstration as they do not anticipate.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

The Canadian government was charged in a recent session of the Dominion Parliament, with neglect, delay and mismanagement in relation to this question. It was charged that, after the expiration of the Washington Treaty, the government had delayed action until it was completely at the mercy of the Americans, and now a disadvantageous arrangement was made, not on the ground of aiding Canadian fishermen, but that it would save American fishermen from inconvenience. While Canada undertook to protect American fishermen from molestation in her waters, the United States did not offer any protection to Canadian fishing in American waters. No treaty or other arrangement, the speaker reminded parliament, was necessary to enable American vessels to buy bait, ice, or other supplies from Canadian merchants, so that Canada was getting nothing whatever for the use of her fisheries. It was asserted that the whole arrangement was of a very one sided character, and Americans were not likely to give anything for what they already enjoyed. The Premier, Sir John Macdonald, denied the charges in gross, saying that negotiations could not have been opened before with any prospect of success. The United States government could not be expected to change its whole policy at the request of Canadians. The discussion of the subject he pronounced premature. Reciprocity he did not think essential to Canadian prosperity. The government, he said, had already done a great deal for the fishermen of the maritime provinces. He said that the catch of fish by Canadian fishermen was not restricted by the use of Canadian waters by Americans. This last statement was contradicted by a subsequent speaker.

DRINKING WATER.

It is usual at this season to make a raid on water as a dangerous drink, because of its alleged impurity. People become frightened without knowing why. As the Boston Advertiser observes, timid people may be induced by fear to forego almost all articles of food and drink too, apprehending that they are in danger of being poisoned. It sensibly says that there is a fanaticism about the use of water, as there is about the use of fermented liquors; all the danger lies, not in the drinking water or soda water at all, but in drinking it to excess. Having first satisfied ourselves that sewage has not contaminated the wells and springs from which we have to derive our supply, we have only to use the water with moderation, and without any nervous apprehension of the result. Says the Advertiser,—"There is as little occasion for a panic about the cholera; and there can be nothing worse than to create an excessive or needless alarm. We are not yet reduced to the condition of the old farmer, who thought it was well enough to take a little water occasionally, but who "for a good, steady drink," preferred New England rum." The trouble is much more in drinking too much water at one time than in drinking it in moderate quantities. It is necessary to drink a certain quantity of water, in hot weather especially, to supply the natural waste of the system. If it was simple water that was drunk, there would not be so much complaint as there is.

THE BUSINESS PROSPECT.

Money never was so abundant and consequently so cheap as it is now. Capital is lying unused in unprecedented amounts at the great money centres. Foreign exchange rules low, and the expectation is a confident one that at least $25,000,000 will come into the country from abroad before cold weather returns. All the existing conditions favor a steady restoration of industrial and commercial enterprise. As to the crops, they are ready to contribute their essential part to the work of a general revival. Even the shortened crop of winter wheat is not necessarily to be taken as a drawback to returning prosperity, since, if it does not mean an enlarged volume of transportation for the railroads, it does mean better prices for the farmers; and with more ready money in the pockets of this large and important class of our population, internal trade will be sure to revive, and industry will get up on its feet again. Corn is behindhand, butthe remainder of July and the whole of August, to say nothing of what September is capable of doing besides, are quite sufficient to encourage a belief in the potency of the ripening quality of concentrated corn weather.

The great trunk lines of railroads show positive symptoms of compasing their long-standing difficulties; and their securities, which are of course the leading ones in Wall street, not only visibly improve on the market but are sought for with something like eagerness. It is believed that the managers of these great lines are thoroughly tired of war and desirous of peace. The crops of every kind are excellent in the South, which sends buyers to the Northern markets in increasing numbers. The report of the last monthly clearings in exchange indicates a welcome improvement, if not in business, at least in business confidence. The dullness is believed to be about over, and the cloud is slowly passing off. As soon as cooler weather returns and the staple crops are mainly gathered, a decided reaction is looked for all along the line. Cotton promises the largest yield yet recorded, and that furnishes an assurance which in the case of a disastrous result would be wholly wanting. The belief is daily becoming more general that we are on the eve of better times, and in that belief there is no longer any question that the large holders of valuable stocks are quite ready to share.

PRICES AND INTEREST.

An intelligent financial writer in the New York Sun freely discusses the various topics which are vitally associated with the prosperity of the times, such as work and wages, prices of the commodities of life, the ruling rate of interest, and manufactures and commerce. It is shown that the present condition of affairs is satisfactory to the working classes of Great Britian, and hence should be still more so to the working people of this country. For while we are rapidly progressing, as he says, in all branches of human activity, and working up a continent of almost inexhaustable wealth and unlimited magnitude. Great Britain has been steadily losing her ground. She built up her immense wealth by monopoly of the seas and of nearly all the branches of business involving machanical industry. This period of monopoly is over, never to return. Nations that formerly bought English goods because they could find nothing like them elsewhere, are now both making them for themselves and competing with England in the markets of the world. So that the depression about which we hear so much is only a depression in large profits and in the making of fortunes. Smaller profits than formerly must content capitalists.

Alleged overproduction by no means, either, implies that more commodities are produced than the world can consume, but more than the world is able or willing any longer to buy at former monopoly prices. Capitalists therefore will do well to be convinced that the past will never return, has gone for good; that the building up of immense fortunes in a few years is no longer possible. The sooner they adopt this belief, the earlier will be the revival of business. They must entirely change their ideas about the real value of money when safely invested; in the present stage of the world's progress, they must make up their minds to be satisfied with 2 or 3 per cent. interest. That would make others, who took the greater risks of a speculative character, satisfied with 5 per cent. The manufacturer who works himself must be satisfied with a similar rate. Less than fifty years ago, 12 per cent. barely satisfied people. Thirty-five years ago, 10 per cent. began to satisfy the investor. Fifteen years ago, a 7 per cent. began to prevail. The writer thinks that the hour of the 5 per cent. rate has now struck. Once let it be well understood by the masses and settled in their minds that 5 per cent. is the established rate for money invested in business, and 2 or 3 per cent. for money invested in securities that are beyond all question, and the long-waited-for-business revival will begin at home and all over the world.

THE HAY HARVEST.

As the South has its great staple product, cotton,—so the East has its great annual product, hay. Without its hay crop, New England would be poor indeed. Its agricultural operations all have to confess their final reliance on it for their support. We all of us have seen for ourselves how a notably short hay crop has affected our farming prosperity, and not for a single year only but for a series of years. It forces the sale of stock at a costly, if not a reckless, sacrifice; and that means, as farmers well know, the breaking up of their farming economy, the postponement of the accomplishment of their necessary plans, and a general confusion of all their farming interests. Cattle being at the foundation of successful farming, the crop that is relied on to sustain them must of course be the chief one in the farmer's consideration. Ensilage comes in to supplement the hay crop, but as yet it is only an experiment, and at best can never be expected to supplant grass. That is nature's own provision, from which man is free to borrow all kinds of suggestions, but which it is extremely doubtful if he is ever able to supersede.

We are at present at the very culmination of the annual hay harvest. Grass is cut much earlier than formerly by our farmers, a better theory having been constructed on the larger knowledge gained respecting the chemistry of vegetation. June is steadily crowding upon July as the month for haying. The modern mower, with its inevitable companions, the tedders and rakes, all operated by horse power, is fast changing the cutting system by enabling farmers to mow their grass fields when they are in the best condition, instead of their being forced to cut late what ripened early, and thus make an average quality too often far below the highest standard of nutrition. Yet there are a great many farmers still in hilly New England where the mower is forbidden to go, and where the blithe ringing of the rifle against the scythe-blade makes the same pleasant music it made in the ears of our ancestors. It may not always be so, but while it is, the haying season may be expected to stretch over about the whole of July, and the farmer's work in the hay-fields will be extended beyond the period of midsummer. We have now reached that time, and the harvest is therefore nearly at its end.

GENERAL GORDON SACRIFICED.—Rochefort's Paris Journal publishes a report that is too shocking for belief among civilized people. It states that the British Government deliberately permitted General Gordon to be slaughtered, when his safety could have been guaranteed by the payment of fifty thousand pounds. Baron de Billings is responsible for the story. He says he was in constant communication with certain authorized agents of El Mahdi during the siege of Khartoum, having their headquarters at Paris, whose business it was to promote his interests in various directions. This Parisian agency, it seems, was in receipt of direct communication from El Mahdi at least once a week detailing the progress of the campaign, telling El Mahdi's plans for the future, and giving directions as to what should be divulged and what kept secret. Just before Khartome was taken, the false prophet sent by a spy, variously disguised, a despatch to Cairo, which was transmitted thence in cipher to Paris, saying that Khartoum was at his mercy and that it could be taken at any moment. To avoid wholesale slaughter, he offered to guarantee the safe conduct of Gen. Gordon and Col. Stewart down the Nile to Assonin, in consideration of the payment of fifty thousand pounds. Baron Billing opened the matter for the Paris agents of El Mahdi to Lord Lyons, who laid it before his Government, but the latter twice rejected it on the ground that El Mahdi was unable to perform what he promised.

THE CATTLE TRAIL TROUBLES.

Secretary Lamar of the Interior Department has issued instructions for opening and keeping open established cattle trails through the Indian Territory, and sent an inspector to the scene of the troubles. Large numbers of cattle on the northerly drive from Texas to Colorado have recently been stopped by the lessees of ranches in the Indian Territory. Forty-one thousand head of cattle, in five herds, were stopped a few days ago, which belonged to citizens of Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, and Texas; and it is stated that about one hundred thousand head have been stopped and accumulated at points south of the Canadian River and Fort Supply. Drovers in charge have likewise been arrested by a deputy marshal and taken to Dodge City for trial before a United States Commissioner. The claim of the ranch lessees, who stop the passage of these cattle on the common trail over which herds have been coming for years without hindrance, is that they were about to cross leased lands, over which there has never been any trail; also, that the cattle come from infected districts. The lessees hesitate to resort to violence, though they maintain an armed force in the vicinity of the old trail. They are the stronger party. But they know themselves that they hold their leases of Indian lands in open violation of law and by the sufferance of the Interior Department. The whole dispute is one of greed against authority of law.

WALKING FOR HEALTH.

Prof. Richards of Yale College, professor of mathematics, is a great walker, believing in walking as a sure restorative of health and mental enjoyment. He devotes his vacations to this innocent and cheap pleasure. Wishing to keep up good health, five years ago he took up walking as the means to it. His first trip was in the Spring of 1881, starting from New York and going up the Hudson to Rhinebeck, crossing the river there to Roudout and working up into the Catskills, April 14, he found the snow three feet deep. He and his companion then made a detour through Poughkeepsie, over into Fairfield Co. Conn., coming home to New Haven through New Fairfield, Newtown, and the Housatonic region round through Birmingham, travelling 126 miles in 6 days. His subsequent short and long trips are described by him. He has since taken long walks in Ireland and England. He says the roads are enough better there to enable the walker to make four miles an hour as easily as three in this country. His best record is 54 miles in one day. Last year he covered 2100 miles, and so far this year has done 1900 miles. He recommends walking as a sure health restorer. But he advises novices to begin gradually, over work being worse than no work at all. The third day out is apt to be the hardest and most trying; after that, if a man perseveres his future walking will be a pleasure and not a labor. A pound and a half leather knapsack over the shoulders will carry all that is needed. The way to rest when tired is to lie flat on one's back; and brief rests should be taken every hour or two. Running is a good way to ease tired legs.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION for the advancment of Science will hold its 34th meeting at Ann Harbor, Michigan, on the 26th of August, and continue the sessions until the evening of September 1st. There will be provided ample accommodations for all who desire to attend, and the State University has granted the use of its buildings and grounds for the purposes of the meeting. The local committee will issue a special circular in relation to transportation and other matters. A free excursion by rail and steamer to Saginaw, and numerous excursions on the lakes, are planned to take place after the meeting. For further information in relation to the local arrangements members are requested to address the Local Secretary, Prof. John W. Langley, Ann Arbor, Mich. On Tuesday, August 25, the sixth annual meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science will be held at Ann Arbor; there will be public sessions in the forenoon and afternoon and a business meeting in the evening. The Entomological and Botanical Clubs of the Association will also hold their meetings on the same day. A circular issued by the Permanent Secretary of the American Association, F. W. Putnam of Cambridge, (office address at Salem, Mass.) informs all who are interested in respect to the regulations for the meeting and gives a full list of the Association's officers.

THE DOG ON THE FARM.—The issue of Sheep. Dogs has got to be settled in some time and way, or it will at last become a question of raising dogs to the suppression of sheep altogether. The Massachusetts legislature has given some little consideration to it of late, but nothing practical has so far come of it. In an address made not very long ago to a company of wool growers, Mr. Edward Atkinson said—"If the cur dog was not stronger than the average legislator, you could raise all the wool that we now make and import. But you have not gumption enough to muzzle your cur dogs. We have to protect our wool growers from the pauper wool of foreign countries, and cannot muzzle our dogs. There is no question about the baneful influence of the dog on sheep husbandry, and thousands of farmers are prevented from keeping a few or many sheep on their farms, owing to the danger of loss from the attacks of dogs; still, with all these drawbacks and an insufficient supply of home-grown wool, the price does not advance to a satisfactory point; at least, our farmers think it ought to fetch a good deal more than present market rates." But the cur dog is doing all he can to advance the price, and he goes unmuzzled.

THE NEW LISTING PLOW. — Kansas farmers are rejoicing in the possession of an implement of the above name, which is fast coming in use on the best managed of the corn fields of the semi arid belt. The farmers out there call it a "lister." It has two mould boards, each twelve inches wide, springing from the opposite sides of a heavy shin. Attached to the shin, and running behind it in the double furrow thrown by the lister, is a small double mould board subsoil plow. To this is attached a corn planter, whose mechanism admits of its being set to drop a kernel of corn at any required interval. The corn is fed through a spout that discharges directly behind the subsoil plow, and to the full depth that it loosens the soil. The loose earth thrown up by the subsoil plow rolls back and covers the seed corn. One man and four horses are expected to plough and plant eight acres a day. The greater portion of the rain that may fall runs into the bottom of the trench where the seed corn lies, and where it is needed. The lister is considered the most important agricultural tool that has been introduced into the semi arid belt, as its use insures the corn crops and consequently causes the value of corn lands to advance by leaps, making mortgages on them as good as government bonds.

READ AND RUN.

— The Old Colony Railroad Company has completed its tracks from Foxborough to Mansfield, and expects to extend the work to Walpole this summer.

— John Bright asserts that the time has come for the reform in the landlord of Great Britain, which must be made equitable to the nation and the landlords, and not be a one-sided scheme.

— An elevated railway has been designed for use in Paris, to be about eighteen miles in length, and to be composed of two tracks, one above the other, on an iron frame.

— The unusually low stage of the water in the Swiss lakes last year was favorable for archæological explorations, and many valuable relics of the prehistoric "lake dwellers" were recovered.

— At the recent meeting of the American Philological Association in New Haven, Professor Harrison of Lexington, Va., gave an account of "Negro English," stating that there were several distinct dialects of this form of speech.

— The present Afghanistan, about which so much is said of late, was as nearly as can be ascertained the home of the Aryan race, which existed two or three thousand years before the Christian era, near the head waters of the Oxus and Jaxartes rivers, and which subsequently divided up into seven chief branches.

—England sends 5000 students to her two universities; Scotland has 6,500 university students; Germany, 23,500; and New England, 400 in all her colleges.

— The fireworks of all kinds with which our recent national anniversary was welcomed and sped, are estimated to have cost the pretty sum of six million dollars.

— Fires are making fearful havoc with property at the present time.

— General Sheridan has been ordered to Arizona, New Mexico, and Indian Territory, to do what he can in composing the differences between the whites and the Indians out there.

— The new screw for ocean steamers is a steering as well as a propelling screw, and is well spoken of by a board of government engineers.

— The English yacht Genesta, which is to take part in the coming great ocean race, is expected to arrive at New York on Thursday of the present week.

—The old Long Wharf Salt House in this city has been transformed within the year into headquarters for the Fish Bureau.

—The market for American petroleum is coming each year into sharper competition with American petroleum, and even with diminished supply at home and hence will hardly be likely to run up to such high prices as formerly.

— An immense army of "devil's darning needles" are reported as flying southward over Bridgeport, Conn., a few days ago.

— Mr. Leavitt of Great Barrington, Mass., whose $100,000 barn was recently destroyed by fire, advertises all his standing crops and valuable blooded stock for sale. He lost all his carriages, harnesses, and farming tools by the burning of the barn, so that he is unable either to harvest or store his crops. The insurance on the barn was only some $30,000.

— Rev. Dr. Armitage of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached in Boston last Sunday.

— Fortune hunters are eagerly prospecting for gold in the town of Reading, Vt. The rock that is brought to the surface from five feet below is said to yield $18 a ton, $40 at seven feet depth, and $60 at ten feet.

— Preparations are making for placing the Webster Statue in the State House yard at Concord, N. H.

— Over thirty thousand pounds of Penobscot salmon, valued at $6000, were brought into Bangor up to July 1st.

— Attorney General Garland has decided that the Dolphin, built by John Roach, cannot be accepted by the Secretary of the Navy, that no contract exists between Mr. Roach and the Government, and that the large sum of money paid to him for the vessel may be recovered.

— Christopher Mann died in Independence, Mo., on Sunday last, at the age of 111 years. He was born in Virginia in 1774, and went to Missouri in 1838. So he was two years older than the nation itself. He was 64 years old when he migrated to Missouri.

— A marked decrease of cholera in Spain is last reported.

— Mr. Clement Bates, who was the town sexton at Plymouth, Mass., for 54 years, died on Monday at the age of ninety two years and nine months. In the course of his official career he had buried 3250 Plymouth people.

— China and Japan are combining in making preparations to repel Russian aggression on the north.

— The 197th anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne was observed by Orange organizations in this vicinity last Sunday afternoon.

— The President, accompanied by several members of his cabinet, expects to visit Saranac Lake soon after August 1st.

— No more street car tickets will be issued by the street railway companies, owing to the free counterfeiting of them.

— The great French chemist, Chevreul, who will be one hundred years old next month, has been a total abstinence man always, and is in full possession of his bodily senses and vigor.

— An advertisement for a person to serve in a certain capacity states as a leading qualification that he must come well loaded with ability.

— A papal consistory at Rome, to sit on the 27th inst., will create six new cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church.

— The opening of the New York State reservation at Niagara Falls was celebrated in an imposing manner on Wednesday, the Governor being present and a large force of the military.

— Seven murderers recently made their escape together from jail in Asheville, N. C., and took to the mountain near by, where they were pursued by the citizens on horseback and on foot in a body.

—A conscientious and sympathetic exchange warns its readers at this season to beware of the alluring mixture of ice cream and soda water.

— The Secretary of War is bestirring himself in the matter of home defence.

— The government of Spain has declined to revise the text of the proposed trade treaty between the United States and Cuba. The latter would be glad to enter into reciprocal trade relations with this country, but Old Spain does not keep any of her colonies for such a purpose, preferring to work them in her own interest.

— If our national debt were as large per capita as Canada's, it would be just twice the size it now is.

— The President caught 25 of the 50 bass taken by the cabinet party on its recent excursion up into the interior of Virginia.

— The available gold in the Treasury of the United States is running low just now. No gold, however, is practically leaving the country.

— Gen. Grant surprises every one about him with his reviving spirits and returning strength and voice, though his doctors regard the phenomenon as but one of the alternations which accompany cancer only to prove its active presence.

— Ford's Theatre in Washington, in which President Lincoln was assassinated, has been converted into a museum, in which skeletons and mementoes of denth abound.

— Paris celebrated the 14th of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile, by a general holiday and festival. Immense crowds filled the Place de la Concorde. The army of Paris was reviewed in the Champs Elysees.

— Well and truly remarks Judge Field of the United States Supreme Court, — "Christianity is a lite to lead, and not a dogma for the intellect to solve."

— An unusual number of stables and horses were burned in this country last week. What is to constitute the particular conflagration next week.

☞ "Hunt's Remedy is the most effective medicine I ever used in my practice for dropsy and kidney diseases. Its has almost raised the dead. L. A. PALMER, M. D. Mystic.

— There is a large quantity of land in Ireland that can be reclaimed. In 1814, a report was made stating that a million and a quarter acres could be reclaimed at a comparatively low cost, half of which would be fit for tillage and the other half could be utilized for pasture.

☞ A force that fights successfully against disease. A host in itself, is Hunt's Remedy.

Editor's Table.

☞ *Raising and Management of Poultry* is the title of the latest and freshest of all the books, large and small, on the interesting subject of domestic poultry. It is issued by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston, and makes a very handsome affair of 125 pages, done up in heavy tinted paper covers, the front outside being embellished with a pair of bird portraits. The title sets forth that the purpose of the book is to help establish the best breeds of poultry, to indicate the qualities of each as egg and flesh producers, to teach their care and estimate their profit, and to exhibit the great and increasing value of the poultry interest to farmers and the country. The open and attractive pages are composed of a phonographic report of the addresses and discussions at two meetings of the most widely known poultry experts in the country, held in the hall of the *Ploughman* Building in Boston, in March last. These meetings were together one of a series of Farmers' Meetings held last winter in the same place. What here comes under the eye of the reader he gets from practical poultry keepers, not from fanciers and amateurs, and on that account is the more valuable. It will be found to be a comprehensive and an exhaustive treatise on the subject, with which all lovers of poultry will familiarize themselves to ready and permanent advantage. The report attracted the widest attention at the time of its appearance in the *Ploughman*.

☞ *Godey's Lady's Book* for August is as delightful as it is handsome, and really outdoes its rival predecessors. This popular magazine for the ladies is making visible strides every month. The frontispiece, "My Pets," is a fine study of animal life. The contents are A Postscript; The Yoke of Honor; Phillips's Pocket Money; He is an Englishmen, a parlor drama; Bella Donna, a story; Cup of Cold Water, a story; besides several other contributions of varied character in prose and verse. The fashion plates are as brilliant as ever, and the patterns are all new and numerous. Godey may be said to defy the march of time, growing fresher as it grows older. Cupples, Upham & Co. have it for sale.

☞ *The Quiver* for August has a full list of articles of great variety, as it invariably has. Some of the first preachers and writers are contributors, and their articles are read with much pleasure and profit. The Quiver is a Sunday magazine for general reading, and is ably and skilfully conducted as such. To give a list of its contents would force us to make a paragraph wholly out of proportion to the space we have to divide up among many claimants and matters of interest.

☞ *The Boston Directory* for 1885 is issued in handsome and convenient form, for so portly a volume, by the publishers, Sampson, Murdock & Co., 155 Franklin street. It contains 167,456 names, against 164,544 for 1884. Over 117,000 changes have been made in preparing the general directory. The work is thoroughly indexed, and there is an accurate street directory. The whole is a directory of the citizens and of the business done by them. The year begins with July 1. A fine detached map of Boston accompanies the volume. The regular price of this Directory is $5.00. A resident of Boston, especially if engaged in active business in the city, will find it more necessary than a dictionary, for he must first be able to find those whom he would see before he can address them in any kind of English. The typography of the double-columned pages is remarkably clear and open, the surnames being repeated in the columns by simple quotation marks, which leaves the given names more exposed to the eye in its search for the right one. The Directory is studded thickly with displayed and illustrated advertisements, which are found to be a sterling investment for the increasing numbers who yearly make it. It is plain to see that the enterprising publishers take a worthy pride in this great annual undertaking, and accomplish it with a satisfaction in which the entire community shares.

☞ *C. H. Thompson & Co.*, 71 Clinton and 80 and 82 South Market streets, Boston, caution the public that they hold the exclusive control of the celebrated *Thompson India Steel* and the *Smuggler Scythes*, and that only they can supply the genuine ones. They warn purchasers against being deceived by false representations. These brands have won a very wide reputation, and were originated by Mr. C. H. Thompson, who has made the scythe trade a specialty for the last thirty years. He will call on his old friends and customers in season for their orders for 1886.

— The deficit in the post office department for the last fiscal year is expected to be about six million dollars. It is attributed to the general business depression, which is quickly felt in the department.

— In the taste displayed in cutting and finishing garments, our workingmen are far in advance of their English competitors.

— Readiness for war with Russia is making headway in England.

— The French Canadians in Lowell have opened a cooperative bank.

A TORPEDO BOAT OF THE REVOLUTION.

Paul Boyton's recent prank in placing a dummy torpedo against the British war ship, Garnet, in New York Harbor, reminds the Scientific American of Sergt Lee's attempt to blow up Lord Howe's flag-ship, the Eagle, in the same waters in 1776. He used a torpedo boat invented by David Bushnell, afterward a captain in the patriot army. It had been tried with success experimentally, and gave promise of being used in serious warfare. The first opportunity for such use occurred when the British fleet took possession of New York harbor. The Bushnell boat was more like a barrel than a boat. It was of oak, iron banded, and only large enough for one person. When floating upright the navigator's head was a little above the level of the water. By means of two force pumps, worked by the occupant's feet, the vessel could be made to sink or rise in the water by forcing water out or in, and so changing its specific gravity. Its progress horizontally, was governed by two revolving paddles in front, turned by a crank inside. The torpedo was fastened to the back of the boat by a screw, the release of which set in motion a clock connected with a gun lock and flint. After the predetermined interval of time had elapsed, the clock would strike and ignite the powder. The torpedo carried by Lee against the Eagle, was charged with 150 pounds of powder, (some say 130 pounds,) and the clock was set to explode the charge in 30 minutes after the torpedo was placed. Lee was towed to the neighborhood of the fleet by a party in whale boats, and then proceeded to attack the fleet alone. He succeeded in reaching the Eagle, a 64-gun ship, undetected, and spent a long time in a vain attempt to fasten the torpedo to her bottom with hooks and screws; a band of iron at the edge of the copper sheathing proving an especially serious obstacle. As daylight approached he was compelled to leave the fleet and return to the city. Off Governor's Island he was intercepted by a British barge, when, to avoid capture, he exploded his torpedo, escaping from his pursuers during the panic which the explosion excited. The Scientific American says that, if the torpedo had been provided with a strong magnet, the strip of iron which thwarted him would have insured the success of his undertaking, and the use of torpedoes in naval warfare might have been hastened half a century.

The old cannon, which bears the date 1795, as well as the lion and unicorn of Great Britain, and which has lain through many a storm of wintry hail and sleet in front of Swampscott Town Hall, was recently purchased by James A. Knowlton with the idea of placing it on the soldiers' lot at Swampscott, but the owners would have none of it, and the old gun, taken from the British in 1812, goes to the junk dealer, and the proceeds of its sale to the comrades of General Bates Post 118 for their charity fund, it is stated. The weight of the piece was 3000 pounds.

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

[From the Bangor (Me.) Whig.]

The preparations for the Fair to be held in Bangor, beginning Monday, August 31st, are to commence at once and are to be more extensive than for any other Fair held by the New England Society. The officers of the Eastern Maine Association worked hard to have the Fair in Bangor, and now that their efforts in this direction have been crowned with success they are determined that the exhibition shall surpass any New England Fair ever held. They are, therefore, to make great improvements at the Park. A new building to be used as the headquarters of the executive officers will be erected very near the ticket office. It will command a good view of the track and the larger portion of the grounds. A large number of stalls for horses and additional accomodations for cattle will be made in the portion of the Park near the Maplewood House. The officers are contemplating the erection of a building having a good floor and roof but with open sides, to be used for the exhibition of all agricultural implements. Arrangements will soon be made for the entertainment of visitors. The Boston boats are to provide lodging, it is expected, for about five hundred, and many of Bangor's private citizens will throw open their houses for the accommodation of people attending the exhibition. The special premiums offered by the State for exhibitions of dairy products are attracting much attention in the farming communities, and there will doubtless by a strong competition for them. President Cleveland will be invited to attend the Fair, and as it is thought that he will visit Bar Harbor in August, he may pass a day in this city during the week of the exhibition.

— The baseball shoes are going out of fashion herebouts. The mottled uniforms of the different clubs will follow.

— A loom to wenve straw matting has been invented by a man in Pawtucket, R. I.

— The jetties built at the mouth of the Mermaac River have already stopped the encroachment of the sea upon the shores of Salisbury.

— Bear meat is one of the standard luxuries at one of the hotels in the White Mountains.

— Lawrence, Mass., abandons oil and gas altogether for street lighting, and puts up electric apparatus.

— Eggs have for a long time been within the purchasing power of almost everybody.

— English girls of the higher class, play in public cricket matches, wearing fanciful uniforms.

— An Illinois man petitions the court to change his name from Sheal to Shrady.

☞ Ayer's Ague cure is a warranted specific for all malarial diseases and a dilary derangements.

— In an article on diet recently published by Sir Henry Thompson of England, he says he is driven to the conclusion that more mischief, in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigor, and of shortened life accrues to civilized man from erroneous habits of eating than from the use of alcoholic drink.

THE TERRIBLE DRAIN

Which scrofula has upon the system must be arrested, and the blood must be purified, or serious consequences will ensue. For purifying and vitalizing effects, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been found superior to any other preparation. It expels every trace of impurity from the blood, and bestows new life and vigor upon every function of the body, enabling it to entirely overcome disease.

— Accounts say that the Rev. Mr. Murray, of Adirondack fame, keeps a little oyster house in Montreal, a neat little box, with pretty women waiters. Murray stands near the door, and to every customer who enters he bows and says, "Your servant, sir."

THE WEAKER SEX

are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

— Prof. Richards of Yale asserts that the college which has a good system of athletic sports is more orderly than one which has no such system.

PEARLINE.—JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE stands pre-eminent as a most valuable acquisition to the laundry, for it very greatly lessens the labor of washing. It should be used generally is, in every household. No family is so rich as to be able to do without it and none so poor as not to afford to have it. It is obtainable at all grocery stores.

— The first bell placed in a locomotive engine's cab was a cow bell, and a clothesline jingled it.

☞ DON'T GIVE UP the hope of recovering if you are afflicted with Heart Disease. DR. FRANKLIN MILES' HEART REGULATOR has been a specific for thirty years—many great cures are known from its use. Free pamphlet of F. E. Ingalls, Cambridge, Mass.

— One-half of the league matches for the base ball championship of 1885 have been played, and the second half has just begun to be.

☞ Scrofula diseases manifest themselves in warm weather. Hood's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood, and removes every taint of scrofula.

— The several religious denominations in New Hampshire have united in a petition to the Legislature for a reform of the divorce laws.

STARTLIMG WEAKNESS,

General and Nervous Debility, Impaired Memory, Lack of Self-Confidence, Premature Loss of Manly Vigor and Powers, are common results of excessive indulgence or youthful indiscretions and pernicious solitary practices. Victims whose manhood has thus been wrecked by self-abuse should address, with three letter stamps, for large illustrated, treatise giving means of perfect cure, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

— Within the past century, the total population of Europe has increased from 145 millions to 350 millions.

☞ KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "SCIENCE OF LIFE," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men. apr11-y

MARRIAGES.

In Newburyport, July 8th, by Rev. D. T. Fiske, John C. Watson to Miss Elsie I. Turtle.

In Boston, Mass., July 9th, by Rev. Benjamin of Capt. Wm. Freeman, by Rev. H. W. Coffin of Plymouth, Mass., E. Walter Crocker to Clara D. Freeman.

DEATHS.

In this city, July 11th, William Wallace Noyes, 45 yrs.

In this city, July 11th, Mrs. Sarah James, 94 years 2 months.

In Lynn, July 8th, Moses H. Barnard of Boston, 71 years.

In Cambridge, July 12th, Susan S. Austin, widow of the Rev. Richard T. Austin, 76 years 14 months 17 days.

In Taunton, July 9th, Martha Wrigley, 82 years.

In New Bedford, July 9th, Charles H. Thayer, 68 years 2 months.

In Wrentham, July 11th, Elijah Pond, 60 years 8 months.

In Brockton, July 13th, Lyman Clark, 78 years 3 days.

In Cambridge, July 13th, Mrs. Sarah H., wife of Simeon Taylor, 83 years 8 months.

In Barnstable, July 12th, Miss Alice T. Bacon, formerly of Boston, 88 years.

In Wintrop, Mass., July 11th, Harriet, widow of Henry Gilbert, 63 years 5 months.

In Wellesley Hills, July 13th, Charles M. Proctor of New Haven, Conn., 26 years 2 months 21 days.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

The demand is fair and prices unchanged. Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces have been selling at 30c for X and fine XX and XX, and choice X fleeces have been sold at 27@28c for new and old. There has been a better demand for combing and delaine fleeces, and sales of Ohio have been made at 32@35c, and Michigan at 31@32c ₱ lb. Kentucky and Indiana combing has sold at 33@34c ₱ lb. Texas wool is selling at 18@20c, with choice at 23c. Territory wool is in better supply and sells at 17@22c ₱ lb. California wool has been quiet. Pulled wools are in fair demand and selling at 22@31c, principally at 26@28c ₱ lb. Scoured wool is quiet.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Flour—Market dull and in buyers' favor, except fine and superfine, which are scarce and firm, sales, 11,600 bbls; No. 2 at $2 40@3 00 ₱ bbl; superfine Western and State at $3 25@3 85; common to good extra Western and State at $3 60@4 10; good to choice extra Western and State at $4 15@5 50; common to choice white wheat Western extra at $4 75@5 25; fancy do, $5 30@5 50; common to good extra Ohio at $3 65@5 25; common to choice extra St. Louis at $3 65@5 50; good to prime extra patent Minnesota at $5 00@6 50; choice to double extra do at $6 50@8 00, including 2000 bbls city mill extra at $4 80@5 00; 500 bbls fine at $2 40@3 00; 400 bbls superfine at $3 25@3 80; 1000 bbls extra No. 2 at $3 60@4 10; 2000 bbls winter wheat extra at $3 60@5 00; 3400 bbls Minnesota extra, $3 60@5 00. Southern flour is quiet; common to fair extra, $3 75@4 10; good to choice extra, $4 15@5 50. Rye flour is firm; superfine, $4 00@4 50. Corn meal steady; yellow Western, $3 00@3 30; Brandywine, $3 25@3 35. Wheat—Market for spot lots a shade firmer and dull, with exporters particularly quiet and speculation only moderate; sales, 80,000 bush on the spot; No. 2 Milwaukee, 91½@93c; No. 1 Northern, 97c; and 1, 98c; No. 1 hard, 97c and 1 in Buffalo,

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

— Hybrid trees, such as the Lombard, Early Orleans, and Purple Gage are most subject of all to the black knot.

— One hundred pounds of corn will produce 20 pounds of pig carcass and only 10 pounds of steer carcass.

— The latest boom is—hog cholera.

— Small fruits are food, luxury and profit.

— The worst phase of farming is planting potatoes in the phase of the moon.

— A weed is a plant out of place. Nothing more and nothing less.

— Hot house grapes sell for about fifty cents a pound in September, and they are not so good as the out door grape at five or six cents.

— Some growers claim that salt is of no benefit to asparagus. Our experience is to the contrary and it kills the weeds.

— The cattle ranch area embraces about 1,-260,000 square miles, thus constituting over forty per cent of the total area of the United States.

— Milk sells at twenty five cents a glass at Tampa, Fla.

— Chicory is now cultivated by English agriculturists.

— Black snakes have been making sad havoc among the young fish in the government Ponds near Washington.

— Small trees are the best for transplanting as they have all their roots in a bunch.

— It is far easier to kill weeds when they are young in growth than later in the season.

— Potatoes whether boiled or not do not, in our experience, make cheap nor good pork. The only benefit is derived from the meal fed with them. The potatoes are no better cooked either. To make good pork requires milk and meal.

— The importation of Jerseys into this country was inaugurated about 1840.

— It is said that the wildest and fiercest Arabian mare can be immediately trained by a woman

The Poet's Corner.

A WARNING.

[Susan Hartley Swett in Harper's Weekly.]

They met beside the sea-beat shore
In dog-days apathetic;
He was a learned pedagogue,
And she a maid poetic;
They met, they loved, within a fog,
The maiden and the pedagogue.

She doted on the picturesque,
And he on natural history,
And while he mused above the shell
Which made the clam a mystery,
She sweetly chanted poetry
On summer by the dark blue sea.

Or tinkling of her light guitar
Upon the wavelets flowing,
He in pursuit of jelly fish
And her came lightly rowing.
The moon blinked softly through the fog
Upon the maid and pedagogue.

They wedded ere they went to town;
But, oh! the sad confusion!
They found in clearer atmosphere
Their love it was delusion;
That dreams and natural history
Would not by any means agree.

And now they lift a warning voice,
Fraught with intense emotion,
To all the summer men and maids
Who tarry by the ocean.
"Deceit," they cry, "is in a fog,"
The sad wife and the pedagogue.

Ladies' Department.

QUEER STORY.

AN ABSCONDING BANKRUPT.

[London Truth.]

Dr. Clarence Jones was an enterprising young gentleman who meant to succeed in his profession. He was not clever in the sense of being well-read, and, in fact, he had only just managed to scrape through the qualifying examinations. But he did not aspire to scientific distinction, and took no higher view of his calling than to regard it as a means by which he might possibly make a fortune. He considered that he would only be wasting valuable time by seeking a hospital appointment for the sake of gaining experience. Instead, therefore, of going through the routine of a young doctor's early career, he took the bold step of renting the ground-floor of a large house in a fashionable quarter, and setting up immediately as a consulting physician. He was shrewd enough to perceive that he was not qualified to succeed in that branch of practice, being at heart a mere charlatan. He had acquired the art of making a great show of a smattering of knowledge; he had carefully cultivated a bland and impressive manner, and he thoroughly realized that the great secret of amassing wealth is to be utterly unscrupulous in the matter of fees, and never to allow a patient who is ready to be imposed upon by humbug. As though to aid his ambitious designs, nature had endowed him with a good presence, a high and shining forehead, which was enhanced by premature baldness, and a soft, melodious voice.

He found it uphill work at first, of course; but he had no real cause for dissatisfaction. He went as much as possible into society, and made useful friends. He was always particularly careful to be polite and attentive to the wives and daughters of physicians in good practice. In fact, he showed his sagacity by assiduously courting the suffrages of lady acquaintances. The consequence was that patients soon made their appearance, while neighboring doctors, owing to domestic influence, found many opportunities of putting stray guineas into his pocket. In a very short time he contrived to gain the reputation of having established a practice, and soon came to be regarded as a rising man.

Dr. Clarence Jones did not hide his light under a bushel, but was rather addicted to boasting of his success. Some of his professional brethren smiled at this, knowing from experience how slow and laborious is the work of making a remunerative practice. But the wisdom of his tactics was proved by the fact that even these sceptics had no suspicion of the real condition of affairs. The truth was, that at the end of three years Dr. Jones found himself hopelessly in debt, his professional earnings having fallen far short every year of his modest requirements. His practice was increasing, to be sure, and in all human probability the time was not far distant when it would yield him a decent income; but meanwhile, just as it was more than ever necessary to keep up appearances, bankruptcy and ruin stared him in the face. He had spent his small capital, creditors were pressing, and he was literally reduced to providing for his daily wants by surreptitiously pawning his personal effects.

In such circumstances an elastic conscience is often a useful ally. Young Dr. Jones, having no scruples whatever on the subject of his liabilities, was enabled to devote all his energies to the difficult task of evading them. He was quite unmoved by his tailor's pathetic appeals, while he succeeded by sound argument in convincing that long-suffering individual that his only chance of getting paid was to wait. But his powers of reasoning and persuasion, though efficacious in some cases, often proved unavailing, so that the air became darkened with writs and legal processes. The poor young man was thus fairly driven to his wits' end, and saw no alternative but to make known his embarrassments, and thereby jeopardize the success which had almost seemed to be within his grasp.

One morning Dr. Jones was gloomily seated in his consulting-room, waiting for patients, when there came a knock at the door, and a little, shabbily-dressed, bright-eyed, elderly man was presently ushered in. Dr. Jones greeted his visitor with mingled feelings, being disappointed of a patient, yet relieved to find he was not a sheriff's officer.

"How are you, Mr. Graves?" he said, instinctively adopting the condescending tone of a physican towards a general practitioner. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, thanks," said the little man, briskly; "but you can do yourself a turn, if you are so disposed."

"What do you mean?" inquired Dr. Jones, a trifle taken back.

"Balmyre has asked me to go up to Highbury to give a certificate of insanity, and, as he suggested that you might also be willing to take the job, I called to carry you along with me," returned Dr. Graves, putting his hands under his coat-tails, and warming himself before the fire.

"Well, I am always glad to oblige Dr. Balmyre, but 'pon my word it is rather inconvenient," said Dr. Jones, with importance, but avoiding his companion's twinkling eyes. "I expect half-a-dozen people here. Just the busiest time in the day, too," he added, glancing at his watch.

"They haven't come yet, and as the weather is bad, I daresay they'll put it off till to-morrow," said little Mr. Graves, with a quiet smile.

"Where did you say the place was? Highbury! That is a long way off," said Dr. Jones, endeavoring to look quite unmoved.

"We shall be back in less than an hour. My carriage is at the door," returned Mr. Graves, a little impatiently.

"Well, as I have said, I should be sorry to disoblige Balmyre; and as for my patients, if they don't keep their time, they must wait," said Dr. Jones, opening the door to his visitor, and signifying that he would accompany him.

He felt relieved to escape the quiet and penetrating gaze of little Mr. Graves, for he was painfully conscious that his attempted air of superiority had been a failure. Of course, he was only too glad of the opportunity of earning a couple of guineas on a dull morning, but it was contrary to his creed to allow any one to suspect it. Above all, he considered it essential to his dignity as a physician to appear a trifle condescending to a general practitioner; and he honestly felt a tinge of contempt for little Mr. Graves. He might be clever enough—and, indeed, he was really a worthy disciple of the healing art. But what, he said, was to be thought of a man, who, wantonly neglecting opportunities of amassing wealth and obtaining celebrity, went about in thick shoes and a shocking hat, visiting all the lowest and poorest parts of the district?

Little Mr. Graves showed he was a good fellow by not taking umbrage at the young man's impertinence and self-importance, and Dr. Jones insensibly began to adopt a more genial tone and manner during the drive. Their destination proved to be a small house in an unpretentious street near Highbury Station, and the formalities of the business on hand were quickly despatched. The patient was a middle-aged man, whose behavior and conversation seemed to fully testify to the aberration of his intellect. Dr. Jones signed the certificate with a clear conscience, mentally contrasting the present case with others he had certified to for Dr. Balmyre when Mr. Graves had not been his companion.

When they took their seats in the carriage again to drive back, Dr. Jones glanced at the house they were leaving and said:

"I wonder who the patient is?"

"William Roberts," said Mr. Graves, in his matter-of-fact way.

"Yes, I know his name. But how the deuce can people in that position afford to pay Balmyre's terms? His asylum is one of the most expensive there is."

"Ah! That has struck you also, has it?" said Mr. Graves, meaningly.

"Well, it's odd, isn't it? However, I suppose his relatives will starve themselves to pay for him."

"Did anything else strike you?" inquired Mr. Graves.

"No. What do you mean?" said Dr. Jones, innocently.

"Have you any doubt of his being mad?"

"Good gracious, no! Have you?" demanded Dr. Jones, in amazement.

"I signed the certificate. I suppose it is all right. But when I reflect I feel a little uneasy," said Mr. Graves, seriously.

"I never saw a clearer case in my life—never!" cried Dr. Jones, slapping his knee emphatically. "I would stake my reputation that he is as mad as a March hare."

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Graves, gravely. "Look at his manner!"

"Yes, his manner was eccentric enough."

"And his conversation. The man is a gibbering lunatic. You heard his answer when, on his saying he was the Emperor of Russia, I jokingly reminded him that a minute before he had claimed to be the Grand Llama of Thibet. 'True,' he said, 'but that was by my first wife.'"

"Yes," returned Mr. Graves, pensively rubbing his nose; "I'm not sure I haven't heard that joke before."

"Why, really, my dear sir," cried Dr. Jones, getting quite hot and angry, "what is it you suspect? I have not a shadow of hesitation that it is a clear case. At all events we shall hear what Balmyre says."

Mr. Graves smiled at this, but he only answered:

"Well, there was no coercion. If the man is less mad than he appears to be, he has only himself to thank."

With this remark the little man abruptly changed the conversation; but he had not succeeded, even when he set his colleague down at his own door, in completely restoring that gentleman's equanimity.

However, Dr. Jones did not long continue to marvel at Mr. Graves' extraordinary obtuseness, for the disagreeable discovery that in his absence a sheriff's officer had been placed in possession of his apartments, effectually drove all other thoughts from his mind. As was quite natural, he was considerably startled and upset, and, for a time, he lost his habitual fortitude and self-possession. The bailiff seemed a decent sort of a man, and, as he was decidedly disposed to be sympathetic, Dr. Jones could not refrain, in the bitterness of his spirit, from inveighing against his evil fortune.

"Well, sir, it do seem 'ard, don't it? But, arter all, sir, wot is it? If you was as used to it as I am, you wouldn't think nothink about it."

"But you are earning your living, remember. Meanwhile, how the deuce am I to earn mine with you about the place?"

"It's a small matter, sir, and will be easily arranged, no doubt. Bring your friends to see me a settin' 'ere. That always fetches 'em. Meanwhile, Lord bless you, sir, don't mind me, I won't interfere with your patients. For that matter, if you'll lend me a suit o' decent togs, I'll show 'em in and out as grave as a judge."

"I shouldn't mind so much if I owed twenty thousand, instead of a paltry hundred or two," groaned the unfortunate doctor between his teeth.

"That's allus the way, sir," said the man, shaking his head. "It's the small fish as gets caught in the nets; the big 'uns break through 'em. Why, look at this 'ere," he added, bringing forth a document from his pocket, and unfolding it clumsily, "ere's a case in point. An absconding bankrupt got clean away with a 'undred thousand pounds! Just think o' that, and a-livin' like a fightin'-cock in Americay!"

Dr. Jones mechanically took the paper which the man handed to him. It was an official hand-bill, issued by the police, containing the description of a certain Anstruther Meadows, a quandom city speculator of considerable notoriety, who had absconded with a considerable quantity of plunder, after ruthlessly robbing his customers and friends. Dr. Jones had heard of the man, and, indeed, his name had recently been on everybody's lips. The hand-bill was headed with an offer of a reward of £300 for his apprehension, and a full and detailed description was given of his personal appearance. Dr. Jones glanced through this abstractedly, and then his eye lighted upon a rough wood-cut, purporting to be a likeness of the defaulter, which appeared in the margin. After a moment's scrutiny, the young man sprang from his seat with an involuntary exclamation.

"Do you know him, sir?" inquired the bailiff, quickly.

"Know him! No. How the deuce should I?" said Dr. Jones, controlling himself.

"I was 'oping, for your sake, you could lay your finger on him, for there's a nice little reward offered," returned the man.

"Five hundred!" said Dr. Jones, rather contemptuously, as he glanced at the document.

"Aye, a tidy sum, ain't it, sir?" said the man. "But, Lord bless yer, it's all flummery—all a blind. He's hoff long ago, a-livin' in Americay, as I said just now."

"Well, wherever he is, he has got a fortune with him," said Dr. Jones, handing back the document with an animated expression. "Make yourself at home, my man," he added; "order what you want. As you say, I dare say, this little matter of mine will soon be arranged."

He hurried away as he spoke, and entered his consulting room, where, after locking the door, commenced to stride about in a strangely excited manner. After awhile, happening to catch sight of his flushed face as he passed the looking glass, he paused, and gravely addressed himself:

"Come, Clarence Jones, steady yourself. This looks like a stroke of luck. It may even be the foundation of your fortune. But you mustn't be too cock sure. You may be mistaken. In any case you need a cool head to play your cards properly."

This soliloquy had a soothing effect, for he seated himself in the patient's arm chair and deliberately knitted his brows to think. The result of his deliberations was that he started off with composure to his club, and spent some hours in going through the newspaper files of the past month or two. He met a city acquaintance, of whom he made particular inquiries concerning Mr. Anstruther Meadows. Altogether, he evidently considered that he had passed a profitable evening, for upon his return, he saluted the man in possession with a friendly slap on the back, and promised him a five pound note for himself if his hopes as to paying him on the next day were realized.

When he arose the next morning, Dr. Jones wrote a little note to Dr. Balmyre, stating that he had a great desire to pay a visit to his asylum; and, adding that, having been summoned to attend to a consultation in the neighborhood of the institution, he should be glad of an authority to inspect it. He sent the letter round by a servant, who, in reply, brought back one of Dr. Balmyre's cards with a few words in the great man's handwriting scrawled on the back of it. An hour later Dr. Jones presented himself at the door of Dr. Balmyre's celebrated establishment.

He was civilly received by the medical gentleman in charge, by whom he was conducted over the spacious, gloomy building. Of course, he expressed himself highly gratified and deeply interested in all he saw, though in truth, his mind was entirely preoccupied with other matters. At length as they were strolling through the grounds, he said, carelessly:

"By the way, I signed a certificate yesterday for Dr. Balmyre. Has the patient arrived?"

"What name? Do you recollect?"

"Roberts, I think."

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "He came in yesterday evening. Would you like to see him?"

"Well—yes, I think I should," said Dr. Jones, carelessly. "His case rather interested me. Don't trouble to come if you are busy. He is quiet enough."

"Yes, he is quiet enough, so perhaps you will excuse my running away from you. I must go my rounds. Hi, Edwards!" to an attendant, "take this gentleman, Dr. Jones, to see William Roberts, No. 93."

A minute later, Dr. Jones was ushered into a small private sitting room, where he found Mr. William Roberts, whose acquaintance he had made the previous day. Mr. Roberts gave a palpable start as his visitor entered, but immediately assumed a vacant expression, and dropped his eyes on the book he was reading.

"You needn't wait," said Dr. Jones to the attendant, in a confident tone. "I want to have a little chat with my friend, here."

The man somewhat hesitatingly withdrew, while Mr. Roberts, manifestly ill at ease stole a hurried glance at the doctor out of the corners of his eyes.

"Well, Mr. Roberts. You remember me, I suppose," said Doctor Jones, pleasantly, when they were alone.

Mr. Roberts grunted, without looking up.

"I see you do," replied his visitor, with increased affability. "But, really—as no one is in hearing—there is not the least occasion for playing comedy. Yesterday I did not interfere, because, it was, of course, desirable to deceive my colleague."

"I don't know you," said Mr. Roberts, glancing up at him, and turning sulkily aside.

"That is quite immaterial. The important fact is, that I know you, Mr. Anstruther Meadows," said Dr. Jones, in a low voice.

The moment his name was pronounced, the man turned as white as marble, with beads of perspiration burst upon his forehead. He cast a terrified glance at his visitor's calm, determined face, and apparently realized the uselessness of denying his identity.

"Are you a detective?" he gasped

"My good sir, if you reflect you will remember that I am a doctor," remarked Dr. Jones, quite soothingly.

"Oh, yes; to be sure," said Meadows, recovering himself. "Well, how did you find me out?"

"I recognized you yesterday the moment I set eyes on you, notwithstanding that you have shaved your mustache and whiskers, and dyed your hair," said Dr. Jones, unblushingly. "You see I am not hostile to you."

"Thank God for that!" murmured the man.

"I suppose your design is to remain here until the hue and cry has died out, and then to quietly slip away when the police have given you up," said the doctor, smilingly.

"That was what Ainslie did," returned Meadows, mentioning anotner notorious rascal.

"Well, it is an excellent plan, no doubt. The police would never think of looking for you here," laughed Dr. Jones. "However, to come to the point. Of course, I have no wish to denounce you."

"That is your game, is it?" cried Meadows, with a fierce oath.

"Well, you see your secret is worth something," said the unwelcome visitor, in business like tones. "I could get the reward of £300 by raising my finger. But I prefer—for my own sake, as well as yours—to make terms with you."

"I thought you were a gentleman," sneered Meadows.

"People used to think you were," said the doctor, quite unmoved. "But, after all, the title is an empty one."

"Hang you, then, name your price!" cried Meadows, after a pause. "Balmyre has put you up to this; you are both in the swim."

"Dr. Balmyre has betrayed no confidence," said Dr. Jones, pricking up his ears. "No one has any suspicion of my discovery."

"Well, I suppose I can rely on you?"

"Implicitly. If you give me my price I shall be in your power."

"Well, you are a cool hand, anyhow," said Meadows, with a laugh. "But what you say is true enough. Come, what is it to be?"

Dr. Jones named his figure—nothing unmoniously stiff one, judging by the rage and indignation of Mr. Meadows. An angry argument then ensued, which, however, ended, through the doctor's firmness, in his terms being agreed to. Meadows, accordingly, gave him a letter to an individual in the city, through whose agency, in a round-about way, the requisite amount was to be paid.

"It is devilish hard lines that I should have had to pay through the nose twice for coming to this infernal place," grumbled Meadows, at the conclusion of the interview. "However, as you declare Balmyre did not put you up to it, I suppose it was an unlucky accident."

"Dr. Balmyre has never breathed a word to me, or to anyone else," said Dr. Jones, solemnly. "Remember, he has his reputation to consider. My strong advice to you is not to frighten him by revealing what has passed today. This, for your own sake."

"And a little for yours, I dare say," laughed Meadows, who, apparently, could not help admiring his visitor's coolness. "However, perhaps you are right. Mum is the word for all of us."

Dr. Jones did not pause to exult over the success of his maneuver. He went straight to the city in feverish haste, and never rested until the ransom paid by Meadows was safely lodged at his bank. Then, having got rid of the friendly bailiff, and sent round checks to his numerous creditors, he indulged in delightful self-congratulations, and revelled in the agreeable prospect of continuing his professional career with his debts paid, and a substantial sum standing to his credit.

"It only shows, he murmured complacently to himself, "that some people are destined to make fortunes, and others ain't. Look at Meadows. Who would have suspected the man was shamming when I didn't, and yet he never troubled his head to get to the bottom of the mystery. Graves will probably die a workhouse surgeon, when I shall be a baronet rolling in wealth. For, by Jove there is more to be made out of this business! I'm not going to let Balmyre off—the sly old fox! I could ruin him if I liked; but I won't. I flatter myself I know a trick worth two of that! By Jove!" he added, energetically slapping his knee. "He has an only daughter, and he is as rich as Cræsus. I'll keep his secret, but I'll be his son-in-law, or my name is not Clarence Jones!"

THE INSIDE TRACK.

BY R. J. BURDETTE.

He came to the bower of her I love.
Twanging his sweet guitar;
He called her in song his snow-white dove,
His lily, his fair, bright star,
While I sat close to the brown-eyed maid
And helped her enjoy her serenade.

He sang that his love was beyond compare
(His voice was sweet as his song);
He said she was pure and gentle and fair,
And I told her he wasn't far wrong.
I don't know whether he heard me or not,
For his E string snapped like a pistol-shot.

He told how he loved her o'er and o'er,
With passion in every word,
In songs that I never knew before,
And sweeter ones ne'er were heard.
But the night dews loosened his guitar strings
And they buzzed out of tune like crazy things.

He sang and he played till the moon was high,
Oh, sweet was the love-born strain;
And the night caught up each tremulous sigh
And echoed each sweet refrain;
But I laughed when a beetle flew down his throat,
And choked in a snort his highest note.

She liked it: and I did—just so-so;
I was glad to hear his lay;
I ever echoed him, soft and low,
When he sang what he wanted to say.
Till at last I leaned from the window, and then
I thanked him, and asked him to call again.
And then he went away.

—[Brooklyn Eagle.

CAPTURING JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

[Baltimore Herald.]

"We at once surrounded the barn [said Capt. E. P. Doherty] and I went to the door and tried to open it, but it was locked with a padlock. Young Garrett had the key to the padlock with him, and, when he unlocked it, I called out to the men inside:

"'I have come here to take you. I know who you are, and I want you. If you do not come out, I have men enough to take you, dead or alive.'

"At first there was no answer. Finally, in a loud, strong voice, Booth replied: 'Who are you, and what do you want?'

"I said: 'It's no matter what we want; deliver up your arms and surrender yourselves.'

"He called out again: 'Who are you?'

"I replied: 'That makes no difference. We know who you are, and we want you. I have 50 men here armed, and you cannot get away.'

"Booth made some answer about his being captured by his friends, and then he asked for time to think the thing over. Finally I said to him: 'We have waited long enough; it is time for you to surrender.' Booth called out: 'I am crippled and alone. Take your men back 50 yards from the door and I will come out. You ought to give me a chance for my life.'

"I told him that we had not come to fight, but to capture him, and he had better come out. After awhile Booth called: 'There is a man here wants to surrender, and wants to surrender awful bad.'

"At this, Harold came out to the door and said: 'Let me out. I want to surrender.' I said: 'Hand out your arms,' and Booth said he had no arms. I took my pistol and told Harold to put both hands out at the door. He did so, and I caught him and pulled him out. Then Booth made some stage-like speech that I could not distinctly understand, but I remember he said: 'Boys, prepare a stretcher for me. Another man is slain under our glorious banner.' A few minutes later he called out to me again to take my men from around the barn and give him a chance for his life. Just at that moment somebody, whether one of my men or one of the detectives I am not sure, lit a match and dropped it in the straw in the rear of the barn. In an instant the whole place was lighted up. We saw Booth standing on the floor of the barn leaning over on his crutch. On the floor was the straw, and outlining Booth as he stood there glaring around as if trying to see us on the outside. I do not think he intended to shoot at us, but had made up his mind to kill himself. It was hardly a moment after the fire burst out before Booth dropped his crutch and took his carbine in both hands, still glaring about the barn, and really looked as if he were about to shoot. At this instant we heard a shot. Booth gave a yell and for the moment stood with the carbine between his legs, his head bent over the butt, and then, as he was about to fall, I caught him under the arms and pulled him out of the barn. Some one called out 'He has shot himself,' and it was for some time my impression that that was the case. But Sergt. Boston Corbett soon told me that he had shot, intending only to disable Booth's arm.

"Booth lived about two hours. I took the blanket off my horse, sewed him up in it, took an old negro with his cart and returned to Belle Plaine, where the steamer I. S. Ide, Capt. Wilson, was waiting for me: returned to Washington with the corpse of Booth and David E. Harold as prisoner, and at 3 A. M. on April 26, 1865, turned both over to the naval authorities in charge of ironclad Montauk at the navy yard.

"Booth had on an old buainess suit—black, with little white spots. In his pockets were a lot of little onions. A diary was in one pocket. I did not read it carefully. Several pages had been written after the assassination. He alluded to himself as the great patriot known to modern history. I turned the diary over to the War Department. I think it was never published.

"The prize money of $75,000 was divided on the plan governing the distribution of prize money in the Navy. I was regarded as Captain of a vessel passing from one squadron to another, and making a capture on the way. I received $7,500, Col. Baker $3,750, Couger $4,000. L. B. Baker $4,000, Corbett and the other Sergeant $2,545, seven Corporals got $2,291, and 18 privates got $2,063. Nearly all the men live now near Plattsburg, N. Y., where they invested their money in farms. I live in Louisiana, and am engaged on Government work on the Red River. I am happy to say I have multiplied my share of the $75,000 several times."

MEADOW TALK.

A bumble-bee, yellow as gold,
Sat perched on a red-clover top,
When a grasshopper, wiry and old,
Came along with a skip and a hop.
"Good morrow!" cried he, "Mr. Bumble-bee;
You seem to have come to a stop."

"We people that work,"
Said the bee with a jerk,
Find a benefit sometimes in stopping;
Only insects like you,
Who have nothing to do,
Can keep up a perpetual hopping."

The grasshopper paused on his way,
And thoughtfully bunched up his knees;
"Why trouble this sunshiny day,"
Quoth he, "with reflections like these?
I follow the trade for which I was made;
We all can't be wise, humble-bees."

"There's a time to be sad
And a time to be glad,
And time both for working and stopping;
For men to make money,
For you to make honey,
And for me to do nothing but hopping."

—[St. Nicholas.

THE SIEGE OF BERLIN.

We were passing up the avenue of the Champs Elysees with Dr. V., tracing in the walls riddled by shells and the pavements torn by grape-shot the story of Paris besieged. As we neared the Rond Point de l'Etoile the Doctor paused, and pointing to one of those great corner houses so showily grouped around the Arc de Triomphe—

"Do you see," he said to me, "those four closed windows above that balcony? During the first days of that terrible August of 1870, I was called there for a case of apoplectic stroke. The residence of Colonel de Jouve, a cuirassier of the First Empire, his head turned with glory and patriotism, who at the beginning of the war had come to lodge in the Champs Elysees, in an apartment with a balcony, to be present at the triumphal return of our troops. Poor old man! The news of Wissembourg came to him as he was rising from table. As he read the name of Wissembourg the foot of the bulletin of defeat he fell stricken.

"I found the old cuirassier stretched upon the carpet, his face flushed and dull, as if from the blow of a club. Erect, he must have been very tall; prostrate, he seemed immense. Fine features, superb teeth, a fleece of white curls, he years which seemed to bear him himself his granddaughter all in tears. She resembled him. Side by side they seemed two beautiful Greek medallions struck from the same die. The one, antique, earth-stained, with the contour a little worn; the other, resplendeut and clear, with all the brilliancy and velvety lustre of the new impression.

"The grief of this child struck me. Her father was on the staff of MacMahon, and the image of this old man stretched before her worked in her mind another image not less terrible. I reassured her as best I could, but at heart I held little hope. We had a case of out-and-out paralysis of one side, and at 80 is not readily recovered from. During three days, in fact, the old man remained in the same condition of motionless stupor. It was at this moment that the news of Reichsoffen arrived at Paris. You recollect in what a strange fashion. Until evening we all believed in a great victory—20,000 Prussians killed; the Prince Royal a prisoner. I do not know by what miracle, what magnetic current, an echo of this national joy reached our poor deaf-mute in the grasp of his paralysis, but that evening, on approaching his bed, I found no longer the same man. The eye was nearly clear, the tongue less heavy. He had the strength to smile at me, and stammered out:

"'Vic-tory?'

"'Yes, Colonel, a great victory!'

"And as I gave him the details of the splendid success of MacMahon I saw his features relax.

"When I went out the young girl was awaiting me, pale and erect, before the door. She was sobbing.

"'But he is saved,' I said to her, taking her hands.

"The unhappy child had hardly the courage to answer me. The true news of Reichsoffen had just been posted—MacMahon in flight; the whole army crushed. Our eyes met in consternation. She was thinking of her father. I was trembling, thinking of the old man. Surely he would not resist this fresh shock. But what was to be done. Leave him his joy, the illusions which had brought him back to life? But then it would be necessary to deceive him.

"'Very well, I shall deceive him!' said the heroic girl, quickly wiping away her tears, and, all radiant, she went back into her grandfather's room.

"It is a hard task which she had taken upon herself. For a few days all went well. The old man was feeble, and he let himself be misled like a child. But with returning health his ideas became clearer. It was necessary to keep him informed of the movement of the armies, to prepare military bulletins for him. It was really pitiful to see this beautiful girl bent night and day over her map of Germany, pricking out little flags, forcing herself to combine a whole glorious campaign. Bazaine directed upon Berlin, Frossard in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. For all this she asked my advice, and I aided her as much as I could, but it was the grandfather who helped us most in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so many times under the first Empire! He knew in advance all the moves. 'Now, there's where they're going. That's what they'll do.' And his predictions were always realized, which gave him no little pride.

"Unfortunately it was in vain that we took cities, gained battles—we never went fast enough for him. That old man was insatiable. Each day when I arrived I learned of a new feat of arms.

"'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' the young girl would say, approaching me with a heartbroken smile, and I heard through the door a joyous voice which cried out to me: 'We're getting on! We're getting on! In eight days we shall enter Berlin!' At that moment the Prussians were not more than eight days from Paris. We questioned at first whether it would not be better to remove him to the country; but once out of doors, the state of France would have revealed all to him, and I deemed him still too ill to be able, too burdened by his great shock, to permit him to know the truth. It was decided to remain.

"The first day of the investment of the city I went up to their apartment, I recollect, very much moved, with that anguish of heart which was brought to us all by the closed gates of Paris; the battle under the walls, our suburbs become frontiers. I found the old man jubilant and proud:

"'*Eh bien!*' he said to me, 'the siege has commenced, then.'

"I looked at him stupefied.

"'What, Colonel, you know?'

"His granddaughter turned toward me:

"'Ah! yes, Doctor, it is the great news. The siege of Berlin has commenced.'

"She said that plying her needle with such a tranquil little air. How could he suspect anything? He could not hear the cannon of the forts. This unfortunate Paris, desolate and upturned, he could not see it! What he did see from his bed was a panel of the Arc de Triomphe, and in his room, about him, a complete bric-a-brac of the First Empire well calculated to maintain his illusions. Portraits of Marshals, engravings of battles, the King of Rome in baby dress; then the great, stiff side-tables ornamented with copper trophies, loaded with imperial relics with medallions, bronzes, a fragment of the rock of St. Helena under glass, various miniatures of the same lady, all becuried in ball costume, with a yellow robe, mutton-leg sleeves and clear eyes; and all this—the side-tables, the King of Rome, the Marshals, the yellow ladies with the high shoulders and short waists, of that awkward stiffness which was the grace of 1806—it was this atmosphere of victories and conquests, even more than all that we could say to him, that made the brave Colonel believe so naively in the siege of Berlin.

"From this time we found our military operations much simplified. Taking Berlin was now only a matter of patience. From time to time when the old man worried too much a letter from his son would be read to him—an imaginary letter, of course, as nothing now entered Paris, and as since Sedan the side-de-camp of MacMahon had been sent to a fortress in Germany. You can imagine the despair of that poor child, without news of her father, knowing him to be a prisoner, deprived of everything, sick perhaps, and herself obliged to make him speak in joyous letters, a little short, as a soldier on the field would write, always advancing into the conquered country. Sometimes strength failed her; weeks would pass without news. But the old man grew restless and no longer slept. Then there quickly arrived a letter from Germany, which she read and read to him gayly by his bedside, repressing her tears. The Colonel listened religiously, smiled significantly, approved, criticised, explained to us the confused passages. But finest of all were the answers he sent to his son. 'Never forget that you are French,' he would say to him. 'Be generous in farms. I live in Louisiana, and am engaged on Government work on the Red River. I am happy to say I have multiplied my share of the $75,000 several times.'

"I found the old cuirassier stretched upon the carpet, his face flushed and dull, as if from the blow of a club. Erect, he must have been very tall; prostrate, he seemed immense. Fine features, superb teeth, a fleece of white curls, he years which seemed to bear him himself his granddaughter all in tears. She resembled him. Side by side they seemed two beautiful Greek medallions struck from the same die. The one, antique, earth-stained, with the contour a little worn; the other, resplendeut and clear, with all the brilliancy and velvety lustre of the new impression.

"The grief of this child struck me. Her father was on the staff of MacMahon, and the image of this old man stretched before her worked in her mind another image not less terrible. I reassured her as best I could, but at heart I held little hope. We had a case of out-and-out paralysis of one side, and at 80 is not readily recovered from. During three days, in fact, the old man remained in the same condition of motionless stupor. It was at this moment that the news of Reichsoffen arrived at Paris. You recollect in what a strange fashion. Until evening we all believed in a great victory—20,000 Prussians killed; the Prince Royal a prisoner. I do not know by what miracle, what magnetic current, an echo of this national joy reached our poor deaf-mute in the grasp of his paralysis, but that evening, on approaching his bed, I found no longer the same man. The eye was nearly clear, the tongue less heavy. He had the strength to smile at me, and stammered out:

"'Vic-tory?'

"'Yes, Colonel, a great victory!'

"And as I gave him the details of the splendid success of MacMahon I saw his features relax.

"When I went out the young girl was awaiting me, pale and erect, before the door. She was sobbing.

"'But he is saved,' I said to her, taking her hands.

"The unhappy child had hardly the courage to answer me. The true news of Reichsoffen had just been posted—MacMahon in flight; the whole army crushed. Our eyes met in consternation. She was thinking of her father. I was trembling, thinking of the old man. Surely he would not resist this fresh shock. But what was to be done. Leave him his joy, the illusions which had brought him back to life? But then it would be necessary to deceive him.

"'Very well, I shall deceive him!' said the heroic girl, quickly wiping away her tears, and, all radiant, she went back into her grandfather's room.

"It is a hard task which she had taken upon herself. For a few days all went well. The old man was feeble, and he let himself be misled like a child. But with returning health his ideas became clearer. It was necessary to keep him informed of the movement of the armies, to prepare military bulletins for him. It was really pitiful to see this beautiful girl bent night and day over her map of Germany, pricking out little flags, forcing herself to combine a whole glorious campaign. Bazaine directed upon Berlin, Frossard in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. For all this she asked my advice, and I aided her as much as I could, but it was the grandfather who helped us most in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so many times under the first Empire! He knew in advance all the moves. 'Now, there's where they're going. That's what they'll do.' And his predictions were always realized, which gave him no little pride.

"Unfortunately it was in vain that we took cities, gained battles—we never went fast enough for him. That old man was insatiable. Each day when I arrived I learned of a new feat of arms.

"'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' the young girl would say, approaching me with a heartbroken smile, and I heard through the door a joyous voice which cried out to me: 'We're getting on! We're getting on! In eight days we shall enter Berlin!' At that moment the Prussians were not more than eight days from Paris. We questioned at first whether it would not be better to remove him to the country; but once out of doors, the state of France would have revealed all to him, and I deemed him still too ill to be able, too burdened by his great shock, to permit him to know the truth. It was decided to remain.

"The first day of the investment of the city I went up to their apartment, I recollect, very much moved, with that anguish of heart which was brought to us all by the closed gates of Paris; the battle under the walls, our suburbs become frontiers. I found the old man jubilant and proud:

"'*Eh bien!*' he said to me, 'the siege has commenced, then.'

"I looked at him stupefied.

"'What, Colonel, you know?'

"His granddaughter turned toward me:

"'Ah! yes, Doctor, it is the great news. The siege of Berlin has commenced.'

"She said that plying her needle with such a tranquil little air. How could he suspect anything? He could not hear the cannon of the forts. This unfortunate Paris, desolate and upturned, he could not see it! What he did see from his bed was a panel of the Arc de Triomphe, and in his room, about him, a complete bric-a-brac of the First Empire well calculated to maintain his illusions. Portraits of Marshals, engravings of battles, the King of Rome in baby dress; then the great, stiff side-tables ornamented with copper trophies, loaded with imperial relics with medallions, bronzes, a fragment of the rock of St. Helena under glass, various miniatures of the same lady, all becuried in ball costume, with a yellow robe, mutton-leg sleeves and clear eyes; and all this—the side-tables, the King of Rome, the Marshals, the yellow ladies with the high shoulders and short waists, of that awkward stiffness which was the grace of 1806—it was this atmosphere of victories and conquests, even more than all that we could say to him, that made the brave Colonel believe so naively in the siege of Berlin.

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MEADOW TALK.

A bumble-bee, yellow as gold,
Sat perched on a red-clover top,
When a grasshopper, wiry and old,
Came along with a skip and a hop.
"Good morrow!" cried he, "Mr. Bumble-bee;
You seem to have come to a stop."

"We people that work,"
Said the bee with a jerk,
Find a benefit sometimes in stopping;
Only insects like you,
Who have nothing to do,
Can keep up a perpetual hopping."

The grasshopper paused on his way,
And thoughtfully bunched up his knees;
"Why trouble this sunshiny day,"
Quoth he, "with reflections like these?
I follow the trade for which I was made;
We all can't be wise, humble-bees."

"There's a time to be sad
And a time to be glad,
And time both for working and stopping;
For men to make money,
For you to make honey,
And for me to do nothing but hopping."

—[St. Nicholas.

THE GYPSY'S SONG.

Seek not to know the future; be happy while you may,
Nor cloud with dark foreknowledge the sunshine of to-day.
I see that you are hopeful, I read it in your eyes,
And I could learn no more of life's coming mysteries.

Trust not the outward seeming of all who call you fair,
What is, may not always be, be watchful and beware!
I will not cheat you, lady, my gypsy skill you speak,
This only of the future the gypsy girl can speak.

When flippant worldlings flatter, let, then, your doubts begin,
Take, maiden, for your counsel, the "still small voice within;"
If weak the heart of woman, her stronghold, too, is there,
Guard, then, the fortress, conscience, be watchful and beware!

—[Exchange.

THE ORIGIN OF WHALES.

Let us return to the question with which we started, "What was the probable origin of whales?" The evidence is absolutely conclusive that they were not originally aquatic in habit, but were derived from terrestrial mammals of fairly high organization, belonging to the placental division of the class—animals in which a hairy covering was developed, and with sense-organs, especially that of smell, adapted for living on land; animals, moreover, with four completely developed pairs of limbs on the type of the higher vertebrata, and not of that of fishes.

One of the methods by which a land mammel may have been changed into an aqu